

Gc
929.102
F91a
1867
1297141

M. L

GENEALOGY COLLECTION

✓

ALLEN COUNTY PUBLIC LIBRARY



3 1833 00669 5610



Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2012

NEW SERIES, No. 25.

THE
ANNUAL MONITOR
For 1867,

OR
OBITUARY

OF THE
MEMBERS OF THE SOCIETY OF FRIENDS

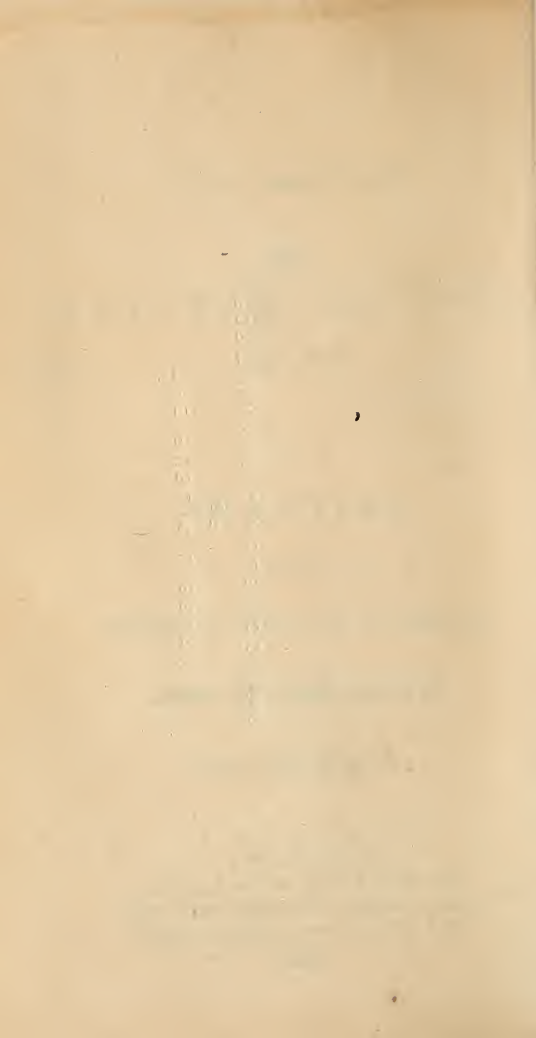
In Great Britain and Ireland,

FOR THE YEAR 1866.

L O N D O N :

SOLD BY A. W. BENNETT AND E. MARSH:
WILLIAM SESSIONS, AND GEORGE HOPE, YORK:
JOHN GOUGH, EUSTACE STREET, DUBLIN.

1866.



1297141

PREFACE.

It is a somewhat melancholy task, year after year, thus to present a catalogue of those who have been summoned by death into another world. The careful perusal of the mere list, irrespective of the memoirs, presents to the mind many tales of sorrow, many solemn thoughts, which need little play to be given to the imagination to awaken in us the deep feelings of our nature.

Those acquainted with Friends' families in various localities, can hardly fail to find in such a perusal some names that recall to the memory past intercourse almost forgotten, or little incidents of earlier days. Perhaps we meet with the name of a school-fellow of whose path in life we have heard little or nothing, till now we find that it has closed for ever. Perhaps it is that of the child of some casual acquaintance. Or we are afresh reminded of a story of suffering, which impressed us much when first we heard it from the lips of one of the sufferers; of years of anxious watching on the part of a mother over her first-born son; for we read the names of both on the same page. Another name awakens different feelings. Years ago we knew him under most painful circumstances, a prodigal who had literally wandered both from his heavenly and his earthly Father. Now we see that he is gone where there is no repentance ;

we make some inquiry, and learn that in a most unlooked-for moment, and in a most unlooked-for way, the prodigal was awakened to a sense of his Father's love, and that he died rejoicing therein.

Other names there are, it may be not a few, which such a reader dwells upon for a while. There is no written memorial, nothing to tell of their works of faith or labours of love, of the trials they have passed through, the battles they have fought, or the victories which, through grace, they have won. But he knows that their record is in heaven, and he rejoices "in hope of that eternal life which God, that cannot lie, promised before the world began."

And even when the names are those of entire strangers, a little close inspection reveals pictures of deep suffering. Cases of two or three withdrawn from the same family circle; of the father and the child leaving the widow to mourn their loss; or of the young wife called away with her infant babe.

And what are the feelings with which we close the book? May there be something beyond the merely sentimental aspiration, Oh, to be where sorrow and death can never enter! Rather, whilst the sorrow and death which sin have brought into the world are afresh brought before us, may we be quickened to renewed diligence in our search for holiness of heart. And with our faith strengthened in the power of our Lord Jesus Christ both to cleanse and to forgive, may we with redoubled earnestness during the coming year seek to be found co-workers with Him in His kingdom of grace.

THE ANNUAL MONITOR.

OBITUARY.

	Age.	Time of Decease.		
RICHARD ABELL,	24	6	6 mo.	1866
<i>Latterly of Cootehill.</i> Son of Joshua Abell.				
MARIA ADAMS,	74	10	3 mo.	1866
<i>Scarborough.</i> Widow of William Adams.				
REBECCA ADCOCK, <i>Mansfield.</i>	71	1	5 mo.	1866
REBECCA ALBRIGHT,	44	30	5 mo.	1866
<i>Bootle, near Liverpool.</i> Wife of Henry Albright.				

Rebecca Drewry was born at Penrith, in the year 1821, and was the only daughter of the late Joseph and R. Drewry, both members of our society. In the year 1845 she was united in marriage to Henry Albright, a union which it is humbly believed proved a blessing to both.

Little is known of her religious feelings and experience in early life, but satisfactory evidence was given that she had in measure yielded her heart to the constraining love of Christ. As the mother of a large family, she rightly felt her responsibility, and endeavoured, though often under an humbling sense of weakness and incapacity, to train up her beloved children "in the nurture and admonition of the Lord."

Her path through life was a chequered one, involving at times great anxieties, perplexities, and humiliations; yet she was wont to regard these trying dispensations as needful discipline, permitted in the loving and all-wise appointment of her Heavenly Father, for the trial of her faith and the purification of her soul. In the course of the autumn of 1863, it pleased the Lord to remove by death two of her beloved children, and this visitation proved to her keenly sensitive nature a very heavy trial indeed; but through the mercy of Him whose compassions fail not, she was enabled to bow in resignation to the Divine will.

The illness which preceded the death of Rebecca Albright was of about fourteen weeks' continuance, during which she was mercifully preserved from much bodily pain, though distressed by feelings of great exhaustion and weariness.

ness, which were meekly and patiently borne. Soon after its commencement she remarked, on one occasion, that there was a necessity for this chastening. She was persuaded there was a gracious design in its permission, quoting the language of the Psalmist: "I was dumb, I opened not my mouth because Thou didst it." She also said that if it were the will of her Heavenly Father to restore her to health, her earnest desires and prayers were that she might be more fully dedicated to the Lord's holy will, and be more earnestly engaged in the promotion of the spiritual welfare of her dear children.

In allusion to the painful nature of a separation from those whom she so tenderly loved, she remarked it might appear strange, and look as though there was a want of natural affection on her part, but all the anxiety consequent upon such a painful anticipation had been in great mercy entirely removed, and she could confidently resign them into the hands of her merciful Creator.

On another occasion she said that Satan had been permitted to buffet her, but she drew consolation from and could appropriate to herself the gracious promise, "I will *never* leave thee, nor forsake thee," laying particular emphasis upon the word "*never*." In reply to the ques-

tion, could she leave all in the hands of her merciful Saviour? she sweetly responded, "Oh yes! there is now no condemnation," and being especially careful lest any of her expressions should in any way be misconstrued, she added emphatically, "Not in my own strength or righteousness, but having had my 'robes washed and made white in the blood of the Lamb.'"

On alluding to her failing memory, which required at times an extra effort to recall passages of scripture, she quoted the prayerful language of the good king Hezekiah, "O Lord, I am oppressed, undertake for me;" and further remarked how wonderfully and mercifully her petitions and those of other kind friends on her behalf had been answered, but she felt no confidence in the flesh. Feeling at one time an unusual degree of prostration, she expressed a hope that her mental faculties would be preserved to the last, and that her spiritual eye might be steadfastly fixed on Jesus, the author and finisher of her faith.

In accordance with these hopes, her intellect remained clear and unclouded as the end approached, and a few hours before the dissolution of the frail tabernacle, she was engaged in fervent supplication, commending her beloved

husband and children to the ever watchful care of the unslumbering Shepherd of Israel; then, after a short interval, she quoted the concluding verses of 1 Cor. xv.: "O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory? The sting of death is sin, and the strength of sin is the law. But thanks be unto God, who giveth us the victory, through our Lord Jesus Christ."

After uttering these words, the question was asked by a friend, "Is all well?" "Oh yes! no fears! no fears!" were the last words spoken in reply; the countenance being animated with a sweet and radiant smile. After the lapse of a few minutes the respiration became more impeded, and the features relapsed into a sweet placid smile of heavenly serenity. Death appeared disarmed of its sting, and the grave robbed of its victory, whilst the spirit, released from the shackles of mortality, was permitted, it is reverently believed, to enter into one of those "many mansions" of rest and peace which are prepared for all those who have been "washed, sanctified, and justified in the name of the Lord Jesus and by the spirit of our God."

SARAH ALDRED, 81 28 3 mo. 1866

Tottenham. Widow of Anthony Aldred.

CHAS. EDWARD ALEXANDER, 21 6 1 mo. 1865
*Died at sea, on board the "Kent," homeward
 bound from Australia. Son of Joseph F.
 Alexander.*

RD. DYKES ALEXANDER, 77 24 2 mo. 1866
Ipswich. An Elder.

*SOPHIA ALEXANDER, 59 25 11 mo. 1865
*Ipswich. A Minister. Widow of William H.
 Alexander.*

SARAH ALLEN, 84 1 7 mo. 1866
Waterford. An Elder. Wife of Richard Allen.

She was the daughter of Henry and Elizabeth Ridgway, of Blenheim, near Waterford, who endeavoured to train their children in "the nurture and admonition of the Lord." Their care herein was duly appreciated, and as the subject of this brief notice advanced to maturity, she chose "the good part" for herself, and became an example of religious stability, and of consistency with her profession.

Her course through life was distinguished by much humility, and she was a valuable and useful member of the Meeting to which she belonged, ever willing to serve the Society, and desirous to promote its welfare. She was appointed to the

*The relatives of Sophia Alexander intend shortly to publish some selections from her memoranda.

station of Overseer in the year 1820, for which she proved herself well qualified, being earnest in seeking for best help in the performance of the duties connected therewith.

A few years afterwards she was appointed to the station of Elder. Her services in this line were entered upon under a deep sense of unworthiness, and with much exercise of mind before the Lord, for right qualification. Retiring and diffident herself, her travail of spirit was ardent on behalf of those who occupied a more prominent station in the Church, that they might be preserved in true humility.

Her marriage took place in the year 1826.

From the tenor of her private memoranda, it is evident that her life was one of prayer—earnest, fervent, secret prayer, both for herself and for those who were near and dear to her. And her supplications were effectual, through the intercession of her Saviour, the only advocate with the Father, in staying her mind whilst passing through many hidden conflicts and inward exercises; whilst the consolations of Divine love, and the peace with which she was often favoured, and which she not unfrequently acknowledged with gratitude, enabled her again and again to rejoice in her Saviour, and made her feelingly

sensible that goodness and mercy had followed her all the days of her life.

She was permitted to enjoy almost uninterrupted good health until the period of her last illness, which commenced early in the Fourth month, 1866; but she was not entirely confined to bed until about four weeks before her decease, during which time much bodily weakness attended, and she gradually declined, until the morning of the First of Seventh month, when she quietly and peacefully passed away, to enter, it is reverently believed, one of those many mansions for which she had often fervently supplicated she might be prepared.

ABIMELECH ANDREWS,	39	28	6 mo.	1866
--------------------	----	----	-------	------

Farsley, near Leeds.

JOHN ANDREWS,	43	2	9 mo.	1866
---------------	----	---	-------	------

Shadwell, near Leeds.

WILLIAM ASHBY, <i>Croydon.</i>	87	23	8 mo.	1866
--------------------------------	----	----	-------	------

SAMUEL ASHFORD, <i>Scarbro'.</i>	72	23	9 mo.	1866
----------------------------------	----	----	-------	------

HANNAH BACKHOUSE,	60	15	11 mo.	1865
-------------------	----	----	--------	------

Hilderstone, near Yealand.

GERTRUDE BADDELEY,	5	2	7 mo.	1866
--------------------	---	---	-------	------

Brighton. Daughter of George and Ann Baddeley.

JOHN BAKER, Jun.	33	31	10 mo.	1865.
------------------	----	----	--------	-------

Dublin. Son of William Baker.

WILLIAM BAKER, *Dublin*, 64 22 12 mo. 1865

Not a man of many words, William Baker endeavoured by his example to be a preacher of righteousness, and as such has left a deep impression on those who associated with him. In the everyday concerns of life, in the management of business, in the regulation of his family, in his social relations, as well as in the higher duties of religion, he sought in humility and watchfulness to adorn the doctrine of God his Saviour in all things. Yet he placed his hope of eternal salvation not on anything he had done or could do, but on Jesus Christ alone, whose mercy, freely offered to all, he, through grace, accepted.

He was careful to make the family reading of the Scriptures a time of solemn worship. On these occasions and at other times, he would often drop a word of encouragement or counsel, with a weight which seldom failed to have a good effect. He evinced an affectionate interest in the welfare of our Society, of which he was a consistent member.

For about two years before his death his health had been gradually declining, and the death of his son John, which occurred about seven weeks before his own removal, deeply affected him; yet he bore this affliction with

great resignation, remarking that his son was but removed from the fold on earth to the fold in heaven.

The final summons, though somewhat sudden, found him not unprepared. He meekly remarked he was resigned to go or stay, whichever was the Divine will.

He was not able to say much, but it was evident he was engaged in prayer, and the words "all is well," with some other comforting expressions were heard by those around him. With a sweet smile of heavenly joy resting on his countenance, and without the slightest struggle he peacefully breathed his last.

RICHARD HARRIS BAKER, 81 27 1 mo. 1866
Cork.

SARAH BAKER, 85 11 6 mo. 1866
Thirsk. A Minister. Widow of George Baker.

Our aged friend was the widow of George Baker, of Askham Field, near York, of whom there is a notice in the Annual Monitor for 1851. She was one of the daughters of James and Sarah Hedley, of Darlington, of whom, in one of her few memoranda, she says, "they endeavoured to bring up their children in a consistent manner, in the frequent reading of the Holy Scriptures and other suitable books; in the due attendance of

religious meetings, and in plainness of dress and address, consistent with our Christian profession."

The care of these pious parents received blessing from the Lord, and left an impression for good which has descended to children's children.

Referring to her childhood, when advanced in years, Sarah Baker says, "I suppose it was about the seventh year of my age (my parents having previously removed into the country), that, being alone in a field, such a feeling of awfulness, with unspeakable sweetness, covered my mind, as made me believe I was in the presence of the Almighty One, who knows all that we are and all that we think."

Though this early visitation of heavenly love made a deep impression, yet she says, "But other feelings, such as do not accompany salvation, lamentably soon found entrance; no doubt by listening to the insinuations of the enemy of all good, and a sinful disregard of Divine Grace. By giving way to unsuitable reading, unprofitable ideas and imaginations so filled my mind as to be very injurious. I believe that vain imaginations may so fill the mind as to leave little or no room for the feeling of good; and this was so much the case with me that when judgment came to be laid

to the transgressing nature, it was so heavy that I could have wished I had never had a being." At that time, she goes on to say, she did not think of this judgment being the baptism of the blessed Saviour in a heart where there was so much to be cleansed and consumed; but that Blessed One would not suffer the bruised reed to be broken, nor the smoking flax to be quenched, until judgment was brought forth unto victory.

Subsequently, she records thankfully that she became increasingly willing to bear the cross, and strengthened to give up unsuitable reading; and calls to remembrance the sweet satisfaction she felt in exchanging the books kept in her lodging-room for others of a profitable character.

Though industriously occupied with the duties of a farm-house, she succeeded, by more guarded reading, in storing her mind with much useful knowledge, temporal as well as spiritual.

After her marriage with George Baker, in 1803, their residence was for many years in Danby Dale, in Yorkshire, and subsequently near the City of York. They had a large family, whom they carefully educated and trained in industrious habits, and in "the nurture and admonition of the Lord."

In the course of the progress of the work of grace, Sarah Baker passed through much of that humbling baptism of the Spirit by which the believer is deepened in the knowledge of the sinfulness of sin, and of the inability of man by his own strength to resist temptation; and is brought to depend in child-like simplicity on the help of God, and to confide in the redemption of Christ. As her experience in this work increased, she became impressed with the belief that it was her duty to give expression, from time to time, to her exercises on behalf of others; and about the year 1814 her voice was first heard in our meetings for worship. She spoke with great simplicity, but her words were often attended with edifying power, and she was acknowledged as a minister by Guisbro' Monthly Meeting.

Her labours in the Gospel were much limited to the district in which she resided, but were continued to the comfort of her friends till the infirmities of advancing years precluded her assembling with them for Divine worship. After age had almost obliterated memory, her sympathy with what was spiritual remained, and she listened to the reading of the Scriptures, or glanced over hymns commemorating her Saviour's love, with pleasure, when she scarcely remembered what

had been read when the reading was concluded.

Her condition might, perhaps, be considered as that of one of the wise Virgins, who, having oil in their vessels, slumbered and slept while the Bridegroom tarried; but who, when the cry was made at midnight, "Behold the Bridegroom cometh, go ye out to meet him," were ready to arise and enter with him to the marriage.

A gleam of recollection near the close enabled her to recognize her children, and to take leave of them in the love of Christ. A comforting sense of the Divine presence overshadowed the company on the occasion of committing her remains to the grave, and drew forth the expression of thanksgiving and praise to God for His mercies in Christ Jesus to His departed servant.

THOMAS BALL, 66 17 2 mo. 1866
Stoke Newington.

EDITH BARNES, 1 19 4 mo. 1866
Dublin. Daughter of Edwin Barnes.

SARAH ANNIE BARRETT, 16 28 6 mo. 1866
Norton, near Stockton. Daughter of William and Mary Ann Barrett.

CLARA BARRETT, 14 10 7 mo. 1866
Sister of the above.

JEREMIAH BARRETT, 72 16 7 mo. 1866
Birmingham.

- HANNAH BARRETT, 65 27 5 mo. 1866
Sale, near Manchester. Wife of Jeremiah Barrett.
- EDWARD DAVID BARROW, 2 7 10 mo. 1865
Lancaster. Son of Thomas and Isabel Barrow.
- JOHN BARROW, 68 4 5 mo. 1866
Lancaster. An Elder.
- MARGARET BAYNES, 87 11 11 mo. 1865
Clifton, near Bristol.
- ELIZA AMELIA BEALE, 64 27 8 mo. 1865
Cork. Widow of George T. Beale.
- CELIA BEALE, 22 16 4 mo. 1866
Cork. Wife of John Cotter Beale.
- CELIA COTTER BEALE, 1 mo. 27 4 mo. 1866
 Daughter of the above.
- JAMES BEALE, *Dover.* 90 22 12 mo. 1865
- REBECCA BEAUMONT, 82 7 3 mo. 1866
Stamford Hill. Widow of Abraham Beaumont.
- MARY ELLEN BECK, 6 26 10 mo. 1865
Dorking. Daughter of Samuel and Ellen R. Beck.

The bright and happy life of this dear child will long be remembered by those who knew her; and it is thought that a few remembrances, showing the well-spring of her happiness, will not only be interesting to such, but may be helpful to other little children, who, like herself, have strong

wills to overcome, and yet are equally the subjects of His love, who taught her thus early and in secret to go to Him for the help she needed.

As the result of this, it was, for a long while previous to her decease, very seldom found needful to correct her; and, if at any time she was overtaken with a fault, a word or a look would often be sufficient to remind her of her own wish to do better, and the silent tear showed that further discipline was needless.

Once, while on a visit to her aunt, a young friend stayed from meeting with her, and, on her retiring to bed, asked her if she would not say her prayers;—she replied “I like to be alone when I do that.” That she understood prayer to be the speaking of the heart to God, was evinced by a little circumstance related by a friend. “One evening,” she says, “I was going down stairs from my own room after dear little Nelly had been put to bed, when I overheard her in audible prayer; the sweetness of the voice caught my ear, and I could not for some time catch the words, fearing to make a sound lest I should disturb her. The first words I clearly heard were ‘Make me Thine—I want to know that I am—I want to be one of the lambs of the Lord Jesus Christ—Amen.’ There was much more

that I did not hear distinctly, but it was all said in a low tone, and in the sweetest voice, and there was a long pause between the last word and the 'Amen.' "

She was extremely fond of poetry. The same friend adds, "She ran to me one day, singing with such perfect gaiety yet sweetness, and looked up to me with these words of a hymn which she was singing: 'What! shall we all meet to part no more? Yes, we shall all meet to part no more.' "

The following extract is taken from the letters of a friend:—"Another day she saw Ryle's little hymn-book on the table, and began running the leaves over, to see if her favourite hymns were there. On finding the one commencing, 'I heard the voice of Jesus say,' she exclaimed, 'Oh yes! here is one. Oh! it is such a beauty; do thee know it?' 'Yes, Nelly dear, but will thee read it to me?' which she did, astonishing me by the feeling way in which she did so. I said 'It's very beautiful, Nelly—one of my favourite hymns.' 'Oh! she said, I am so glad of that, because it is one of mine too.' On looking a little further in the book, she exclaimed, 'Oh! here (her eyes beaming with delight) is my very favourite hymn—my own most precious hymn.' I asked her what it

was. She said, 'Don't thee know? this one,' pointing to 'Just as I am.' I asked her to read that too. She said 'Oh no! I couldn't read that to thee, it is too precious. I only read that when I am alone;' and she kissed the book again and again, and pressed it to her bosom, with the tears in her eyes. Her feelings seemed almost too deep for words. I said, 'Tell me, Nelly darling, why that hymn is so precious to thee.' She hesitated a little, and then replied, 'I never talk about or read that hymn to any one—it is too precious; but I will tell thee, but thee must not tell any one. It is because I always go to Jesus just as I am. When I feel naughty, I tell Jesus. I do, because thee know,' she added, 'I can't make myself good, only Jesus can.' I said, 'Then Nelly feels she can tell Jesus anything?' 'Yes,' she replied, '*everything*. Why should not I tell Him?' quickly adding, 'Oh! I'm so glad I have seen that little book, and that thee have it; but shall we go downstairs now?' evidently not wishing me to ask her any more questions. I do not think I shall ever forget the beautiful simplicity and implicit faith of this dear little child. At tea, she sang to us 'I want to be an angel;' and I could not help thinking how ripe and ready she seemed to join the heavenly fold."

It was a great pleasure to her to sit on her papa's knee, and read verse by verse with him in the Testament. The hope was expressed that she would read it to herself every day, but it was not known that she did so, till it was casually found out that this was her practice every morning.

The evening she was taken ill she had joined in repeating some hymns, when she suddenly began singing, in her own bright manner, "I think when I read that sweet story of old, &c." Little was it then thought that the call would so soon be given to this precious one, "to see Him and hear Him above,

"In that beautiful place he has gone to prepare
For all who are washed and forgiven."

After retiring to bed that night, violent sickness came on, which proved the commencement of scarlet fever. It was a very painful illness, and the little complaint she made was very striking to those about her, and not less so her dissatisfaction with herself, saying on receiving a message, expressing pleasure in hearing of her patience, "I have not been very patient lately."

She retained throughout her usual unselfishness, and thoughtfulness for others; this was especially shown in her consideration for her

mamma, and her desire that her little brother, who was ill at the same time, should have the first attention.

The day before she died, she earnestly wished to have the right text for the day read to her. The date was not remembered, and it was consequently omitted. Her wish, however, had been so strongly expressed, that, though in the extreme pressure of the time it was overlooked, yet almost the first thing after her eyes were closed in death her mother turned to it and read: "Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil."

Her affectionate disposition showed itself touchingly to the last. A few hours before her death she exclaimed, "Mamma! Papa! I do love you so very much." "And do thee love Jesus?" asked her mamma. "Yes." "And does Jesus love thee?" "Yes." "And do thee think he is going to take thee to Heaven?" "I don't know." "Would thee like to go?" "Yes."

After this the power of articulation failed, though she still made signs that she would like to be kissed. Quietly, peacefully, she slept in Jesus. A scrap of an unfinished note to a friend with whom she had lately been staying was found on the day of the funeral, containing only

the words, (how full of meaning now) "I have got safe home."

RICHARD BECK, *Holloway*. 39 30 9 mo. 1866

RUTH BELL, 59 23 1 mo. 1866

Beckfoot, Cumberland.

ELIZABETH BENNELL, 66 12 10 mo. 1865

Hitchin.

MARY ALEXANDER BEWLEY, 17 14 3 mo. 1866

Rockville, County Dublin. Daughter of Thomas Bewley.

THOMAS BEWLEY, 88 6 3 mo. 1866

Long Close, near Keswick.

MARY LUCY BIGLAND, 4 5 1 mo. 1866

Bishop Auckland. Daughter of John and Matilda Bigland.

ESTHER BINHAM, *Exeter*. 90 13 5 mo. 1866

WILLIAM BINNS, *Sunderland*. 46 11 3 mo. 1866

JAMES BISSELL, *Reading*. 85 24 3 mo. 1866

MARY BLAKEY, 36 6 10 mo. 1865

Bristol. Wife of William Blakey.

NICHOLAS BODILLY, 72 31 7 mo. 1866

Guernsey.

GEORGE BOTTOM, 82 19 6 mo. 1866

Paddock, near Huddersfield.

GEORGE BOTTOMLEY, 61 26 1 mo. 1866

Rawden, near Leeds. A minister.

In reviewing the life of our friend George Bot-

tomley, whose removal from amongst us has been justly felt to be a great loss, it is believed that there are not many who could more justly appropriate the words, slow as he would himself have been to apply them, "I, thy servant, fear the Lord from my youth." Nurtured by Christian parents who lived at a period when, perhaps to a greater extent than in the present day, an unhesitating obedience to the dictates of conscience and to the teaching of the Holy Spirit was both taught and practised in the families of Friends, consistency and straightforwardness with unflinching adherence to what he believed to be the right, marked his early life. The inquiry as to whether this might not have been accompanied in his case as in that of many others of the same period, with too little appreciation of some very precious Gospel truths, though a question of much interest is not now to be considered; that to which we would direct attention, and which the Christian course we are about to portray strikingly exemplifies, is, that as we come more clearly to comprehend the *whole* truth as it is in Jesus and *as the heart is enlarged in His love* there will be seen, if anything, a yet more ready and strict compliance with the dictates of conscience, inasmuch as the obedience rendered, springs from the love

and gratitude of the reconciled child rather than from the fears and hopes of the mere servant.

When about twenty years of age G. B. entered upon the duties of bookkeeper in the Superintendent's Office at Ackworth School, and thus writes to his parents shortly afterwards.

Fourth month, 2nd, 1825. "I have been very thoughtful at times how you were getting on at home. I can hardly tell what to say or think about myself, I feel very disconsolate at times, but I have a great deal to be thankful for, having many kind friends, and am mercifully favoured above many. But there is a danger of not being sufficiently thankful for, or improving the benefits and favours received. I think I can, perhaps, manage my work in time, though it requires a great deal of care, and a steady sober mind, which cannot be acquired without submitting all to the will of Providence, that He may do as shall please Him. And such submission He is calling for; Oh, that I may be made willing to give it."

Again a few months later, G. B. writes to the same.

Tenth month, 16th, 1825. "With respect to myself I am going on full as well as I can expect, still receiving marks of the kindness of my friend R. W., as well as from all others in the family

with whom I have intercourse. The Fountain of all good, in whose ordering I believe I came here, is still extending His tender mercies and favours to me in a remarkable manner, but my heart is comparatively cold in thankfulness and obedience. I sometimes feel a want of my parents' tender counsel and care. I find the truth of the declaration, "A man's greatest enemies are those of his own house." These enemies are formidable indeed."

G. B.'s sterling worth was well understood and appreciated by the committee and officers of Ackworth School, and he remained in that institution, efficiently filling his post and extending an influence for good, which was increasingly felt in that large family, for twelve years. He became much attached to the place and to the Friends with whom he was associated, but in the year following his marriage (1837), he removed to Bradford taking a situation in "The Friends' Provident Institution," then recently established.

His religious feelings at this time, and for several succeeding years, were marked by much discouragement, amounting at times almost to despondency. Most exemplary in his outward life, and not, consciously, at least, looking to any works of his own for acceptance with his God;

fully acknowledging that "there is none other name under Heaven given among men whereby we must be saved," but that of Jesus Christ of Nazareth, there was yet wanting to a great extent, as the fruit of the Spirit's work, "peace and joy in believing."

The following extracts from his letters to his wife are indicative of this state of mind :—

Fourth month, 14th, 1841. "As to best things, I can but give a poor report. My heart is not sufficiently contrited to submit to be moulded by the great Potter. There are many idols still worshipped by me. My expectation is not so fixed upon the Lord as to entitle me to expect to feed at his banquet. I pray in the best manner I can that both thou and I may be brought into a state of acceptance with the God of our lives, if it be by means of great humiliation. * * But little is in our power to do. 'Tis the grace of God alone that must do the work; but oh, that we may cherish every appearance of it in our hearts, is my sincere and earnest desire."

Eighth month, 7th, 1841. "In retirement I am more favoured than I deserve, but this relates more to the feelings of earnest desires after good, than to the actual attainment. My religion, if I have any, seems to be composed of fervent

prayers and cries. The heart still goes after its old pleasures. The new man is not formed in me. I hope we shall both endeavour to cherish the spirit of prayer at all times, and remember one another therein."

In the third month of 1848, he was attacked by an illness so severe that fears were entertained as to his recovery. This was, however, a season of renewal of health to his soul, and times of refreshing were granted, in which he was able to appropriate to himself, the hopes and promises of the Gospel.

Among other portions of Scripture that were then brought home to him with life and power, was the first chapter of John's Gospel, especially the 29th verse, "Behold the Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world." It is believed that at that time he was given to see his Saviour more clearly in this character, and to feel his own personal interest in the blood of the everlasting covenant. Henceforth the apostolic language was more evidently applicable to him: "Because ye are sons, God has sent forth the Spirit of his Son into your hearts, crying, Abba, Father. Wherefore thou art no more a servant, but a son; and if a son, then an heir of God through Christ." It now became his delight to

dwell upon the love of God in Christ Jesus, and he was often found pouring forth his heart with those whom he visited, asking for them a portion of that grace of which he was himself so joyful a partaker. And if he was discouraged at times under the feeling that the door stood hardly ajar in some directions where he would have liked to enter, he was not on that account idle, for he found it wide open among the poor around him.

A few extracts from his letters will again serve for illustration:—

Third month, 16th, 1853. “Just twenty-eight years since I went into the office at Ackworth. Alas! how soon has it passed away. And what advance has been made since then in the way to Heaven? I am thankful to believe that, as compared with that particular period, I have more of faith and hope in the Gospel, but, looking back through all those years, I find so small an increase in anything really valuable that I feel quite ashamed.”

Tenth month, 28th, 1855. “I returned from Idle after a satisfactory visit to ———, I read to him the third chapter of John’s Gospel, and was much comforted to find that he was able to appreciate the blessed truths it contains. He had spoken frequently of his wish to come to meet-

ings, and his mind and affections appear to be much exercised on heavenly things. The dear Saviour has, I believe, given him to hope and trust in His mercy. * * I should have liked to call on —— but home seemed my right place, after going to Idle, and I cannot tell thee how I have been favoured to enjoy it though *all alone*. Finished reading the life of Robert Newton, who was a great and good man, endowed with large powers of mind and an amiable disposition—a faithful and laborious minister of Christ, leaving many seals to his ministry, and himself experiencing, at the end of his race, unfaltering faith in that Gospel which he had preached unto others. Read also a chapter on the efficacy of prayer, two chapters in John's Gospel, and three in the Hebrews. These seemed all to be attended with a blessing which filled my cup of enjoyment spiritually. And now, after reading a few psalms, I retire to rest filled with a sense of the love and goodness of our Heavenly Father."

Twelfth month, 18th, 1859. "First day. Dined from my pocket at the Library, then went to New Leeds. Called upon an attender of meetings, whose wife seems to be on her death-bed. * * Then called upon —— and wife. * * Came to afternoon meeting—a heavy time—a

want of life, partly, I think, from physical disqualification on the part of many, if not all. * * Came home to tea with ————. We soon adjourned to my meeting room, where we had a most satisfactory time, with a full and very quiet company. Was drawn out in lively supplication for all ages and conditions.”

The meeting here referred to was held in a cottage which he had hired for the purpose, where many of the poor around were glad to listen to the truths of Holy Scripture, and to the word of exhortation and prayer. A warm affection sprung up between himself and some of those who attended these meetings, which continued to the day of his death..

It may here be noticed that whilst he had long diligently discharged the important duties of an “overseer” and an “elder” in the church, G. B. had for some years previous to this time frequently spoken in our meetings for worship as a minister of the Gospel, and was cordially recognised in that station during the latter years of his life.

First month, 30th, 1860. “Had some interesting conversation with J. P. on our way to meeting this morning, on prayer. No Christian can keep in a really satisfactory condition,

fulfilling the end of his existence, without at least daily presenting himself before his God and Judge, in which he should know his sins of the day to be forgiven, his transgressions covered. Then, as a servant in waiting, he should be prepared to ask, 'Lord, what wouldst thou have me to do?' What should we think of a servant, who, instead of asking for his orders, kept out of his master's way, and employed himself according to his own pleasure? This is much as I have done during the whole of my life. I had not need continue another day in such a course. Surely it is bad enough to have gone on so long, occupying also a prominent place in the church. How should any society prosper with such elders and standard bearers? * * * *

"My reading meeting was rather small, the roads being bad, but help was graciously afforded, though not so eminently as sometimes. I was taught the lesson of dependence more perfectly for which I felt thankful."

In the Eleventh month of the following year, G. B. was engaged in a visit to the families and individuals attending Bradford Meeting prior to his settling at Rawden. In some of his letters he speaks of these visits and of the exercises through which he passed. "One evening," he

says, "I came home with a heavy heart, and the thoughts of my head upon my bed troubled me exceedingly, even when asleep, but the loving-kindness of the Lord did not seem to be taken from me, though I could not say that his comforts delighted my soul." Then he adds the next day, "My visit has been much to my comfort, an open door was felt, and we all knelt at the throne of grace." At the close of another day's labours he could write, "This has been an unusual day of peace and quiet of mind, resting in the leadings of the Spirit in all confidence and patience and meekness, so that I can say, 'Blessed be God who hath not turned away my prayer nor His mercy from me.'"

No one intimately acquainted with G. B. in the earlier period of his life could fail to be struck with the change which had been gradually passing over him, though in some respects he was still so much the same; the same unselfishness as regards his own ease and comfort, the same thorough conscientiousness; but in the manifest enlargement of his heart, conscience was occupied not so much in a negative direction, as in the exercise of the "weightier matters of the law, judgment, mercy and faith." And thus he was often found fearlessly saying or doing what he believed to be

right, when men of stronger minds shrunk from action.

His diligence in works of love was instructive, nor less so the manner in which they were performed. Many there are who bear testimony to the lowly, loving spirit which he manifested on these occasions; and it became very evident that in thus watering others he was watered also himself. The love of Jesus had taken possession of his heart, and under its influence it became his delight, as well as his duty, to embrace every opportunity for encouraging his fellow men to come and share in those blessed realities of the gospel, which were so precious to himself. In truth, these things were in his heart, and on his tongue, as he walked by the way, as he sat down, and as he rose up. He attended to the apostolic injunction, "Be instant, in season, out of season," * being on the watch not only to embrace opportunities, but also to make them.

Tenth month, 26th, 1861. "Walked home from meeting, got a little dinner hastily, went off by rail at half-past one, and reached Keighley to an appointed reading meeting at half-past two, fourteen present, including ourselves. There was

* 2 Tim. iv. 2. Be assiduous; not only embracing opportunities, but making them.—ANNOTATED BIBLE.

a very gathered feeling in the silence. * * The 6th and 7th of Matthew were read and commented on with great liberty, under a sense of Divine help and direction. ——— added a few words on the teaching of Jesus: its unparalleled beauty and evidence of authority. Then the spirit of supplication was poured forth, and a blessing was publicly invoked. The company seemed almost unable to separate; many were very tender, and we believe true love was felt by all. We were cordially invited to come again—their houses would always be open to receive us. We came home with thankful hearts, feeling that the Lord had been better to us than all our fears.”

Eleventh month, 3rd, 1861. “Have been attending the meeting at Rawden, where we were favoured, as I verily believe, with the presence of the Great Master. * * Divine help was sensibly felt throughout, and my heart was much drawn forth in love, especially to the children. How is our little Zion ever to put on her beautiful garments, but by its members putting on strength in the name of the Lord; that is, as I understand it, when the Lord is offering it.”

At another time he remarks, “I am often led to fear that good impressions in our meetings are

transient and superficial; and it has occurred forcibly to me, how desirable it is, when there are a sufficient number of Friends so minded (if only two or three), to meet together to entreat the Lord, on behalf of His Church, that He would be pleased to grant a powerful visitation to it and to others; that its roots may be deepened and its branches more widely spread."

During the last few years of his life, G. B. visited many parts of England in connection with the business of the "Friends' Provident Institution." He felt that this was an engagement in which the service of his Lord must not be neglected. He attended all meetings that came in his way; and after having spoken in the first place on business, would frequently turn to subjects of greater importance, manifesting his love and tender concern for their best welfare. So much did this service become an exercise of mind, that with the advice of his friends he obtained the concurrence of his Monthly Meeting to prosecute it. He writes on one occasion, "Have made two calls this evening, and now I retire with feelings of peace, and earnest craving for protection on the coming day. * * I count it no small privilege to have a sense of best help in my avocations, and often pray that one kind may not be permitted to interfere with the other."

Again he writes, "My dear Master shews me the light of His countenance, so that I have been able to go in and out among my friends in a feeling of humble confidence that He was with me tendering our spirits together, and causing sweet acknowledgments on the part of the visited, and pouring a flood of peace into my own soul."

The following may not be uninteresting to those who, like himself, revere the character of George Fox.

1297141

Tenth month, 7th, 1853. "After paying my respects to Swarthmore Hall and Meeting-house, and sitting down in the veritable chair in which George Fox sat, I felt deeply impressed with the dignity of his character, the purity of his doctrine and life, and his bright example before a dissolute world, in seeking in all simplicity and godly sincerity to bring many souls unto Christ, and leave them under His free teaching: developing the earnestness of his spirit at almost every step of his way; fired with love divine from the immediate influence of the Holy Spirit, so that I could not but worship in that chair and kneel down and give thanks, as well as confess the shortcomings and lukewarmness of us his successors, who profess the same faith, asking for a special visitation of Divine grace to quicken the

several members of our church to more faithfulness, that we might again shine forth before the world in the effulgence of the light of Christ, our precious Saviour and Redeemer."

Twelfth month, 16th, 1864. "I am favoured with a quiet, trustful state of mind, desiring that the Lord's will may be done, both as regards myself and others. I am enabled increasingly to meditate on the things of another life, and to desire as regards my stewardship in temporal, mental, and spiritual possessions, to be faithful, that the sentence of "well done" may be mine. I am grieved to find myself continually mutilating the sacrifices called for through besetting infirmities, and the force of temptation. What would become of us if we had not a Fountain to wash in? Ought we not without fail morning and evening to appear before God, and to have our communion with Him through the Spirit? Are we not in a fit state of mind? Can we then be fit to encounter the conflicts and temptations that are before us in the world?"

It is very interesting to observe in the letters written whilst thus travelling about the country, the frequent recurrence of expressions indicating the peaceful happy spirit which often pervaded his mind at these times. He speaks for himself in the following extracts:—

“The good hand of the Lord has been with me, to my own humbling admiration, and given me much access to my friends. * * Much kindness glowed around me and an humbling sense of heavenly love likewise.”

“I feel it to be a great favour to have been helped along as I have been, and can confidently trust in the continuance of the Lord’s goodness. He has faithfully kept that which has been committed to Him, the care of my poor soul and body too.”

“So far I have a sweet Ebenezer to raise to the Lord’s goodness. He has seemed to bear me as on eagles’ wings, so that I have had to admire His loving kindness and tender mercy. No *great* things to tell of, but preservation in humility and in prayer; living upon Jesus. United to my friends of every class, and able to communicate freely with them all. * * My friends loaded me with kindness and would not allow me to continue at an inn. I have been sensible of much Divine favour beyond any former experience.” Then he adds at another time, “a good night, a blessed meeting, and a thankful heart.”

“The path of the just is as the shining light, that shineth more and more unto the perfect

day;" to G. B. the perfect day was now drawing very near.

At the conclusion of the above journey, in the sixth month of last year, he had an illness from which he never completely rallied. At this time, and during the subsequent months of his life, the term, "heavenly minded," seemed accurately to describe the clothing of his spirit; and his frequent access to the Throne of Grace with his family often brought "times of refreshing from the presence of the Lord." He delighted to dwell upon his mercies, and to sympathize with and pray for those in affliction; and was particular to commend some of these to the care of others, saying, "Go and see them for my sake." His friends and relatives were frequently the subjects of his daily vocal prayers, and when any of them came to visit him, he often felt it his delight and privilege to commend them to the care of Israel's Shepherd.

During his illness he suffered principally from weakness, and part of the time from distressing sickness, but his patience and gentleness were very instructive to witness. On Sixth-day, the 19th of First month, two friends called to see him. He greeted them very affectionately, saying, "I am here, waiting the Master's will. I could

not be better." As they sat beside him, he addressed them with much sweetness, urging them to faithfulness in God's service. "Satan," he also said, "would have us believe that our own works merit salvation; but there is something quite repulsive in the idea. It is free forgiveness through the blood of Jesus alone."

The following First-day was one of solemn interest. Two friends called to see him after meeting, who, whilst acknowledging how much he and his wife had been missed that morning, added that nevertheless it was felt that their gathering together had been to edification. G. B. was pleased with this, and spoke of our dependence on the great Head of the Church for help and strength. It was his frequent remark that we lose much at such times for want of more faith; that if we met together in the full expectation of receiving good, he believed we should more often be favoured to realize the fulfilment of the gracious promise, "They that wait on the Lord shall renew their strength." At parting, he seemed much exhausted, and silently pressed the hands of his friends with much warmth, giving the idea that he, as well as they, probably thought it was the last interview.

After tea he was once more wheeled.

another room, and lay on the sofa for some time, evidently enjoying some hymns that were read to him. To the lines

“Then blessed be the hand that gave,
Still blessed when it takes,”

he responded very feelingly, and seemed much interested in the impressive stanzas appended to this account.

That evening he was taken back into his room for the last time, and laid upon his bed from which he was never more to rise. He was very ill, but wished to have reading in the room, the servants coming in. After a psalm had been read, a solemn silence spread over the chamber of sickness, and there arose from the beloved sufferer a fervent prayer, the power and unction attending which were more than words could express. He who had lived a life of prayer, whose voice had so often been heard in supplication, was now listened to for the last time by the family circle.

A very restless night followed. After a distressing attack of sickness he fell back upon his bed, fervently exclaiming, “Entirely thine, Heavenly Father.” That aspiration will never be forgotten by the night watchers. It seemed to imply such entire and joyful resignation, such an

acknowledgement that his work was done; and the words seemed to ring on the ear during his few remaining days.

Those days were days of extreme bodily weakness, in which though the flesh failed, God proved the strength of his heart. The following Sixth day he was evidently dying. About noon were heard the feebly uttered words, "Thou art with me on either side as I pass through the river." As evening drew on the spirit passed away, "to be for ever with the Lord."

"I go to life and not to death ;
From darkness to light's native sky;
I go from sickness and from pain
To health and immortality.
Let our farewell then be tearless,
Since I bid farewell to tears,
Write the day of my departure
Festive in your coming years.

I go from poverty to wealth,
From rags to raiment angel-fair,
From the pale leanness of this flesh,
To beauty, such as saints shall wear.
Let, &c.

I go from chains to liberty ;
These fetters will be broken soon ;

Forth over Eden's fragrant fields
 I walk beneath a glorious noon.
 Let, &c.

For toil there comes the crowned rest,
 Instead of burdens, eagles' wings;
 And I, even I, this lifelong thirst,
 Shall quench at everlasting springs.
 Let, &c.

God lives! Who says that I must die?
 I cannot while Jehovah liveth.
 Christ lives! I cannot die, but live;
 He life to me for ever giveth.
 Let, &c. BONAR.

WILLIAM DREWETT BOTTOMLEY,			
<i>Birmingham,</i>	12	29	8 mo. 1866
JAMES BRAMLEY,			
<i>Basford, near Nottingham.</i>	86	16	10 mo. 1865
KIRBY BRANSBY,			
<i>North Walsham, Norfolk.</i>	71	5	11 mo. 1865
WILLIAM JAMES BREACH,			
<i>Clifton, near Bristol.</i>	27	16	6 mo. 1866
MARY BROCK,			
<i>Croydon. Wife of John Brock.</i>	78	15	12 mo. 1865
MARY BROMILY, <i>Tottenham,</i>			
	82	25	4 mo. 1866
LUCY BROOK,			
<i>Huddersfield.</i>	7	8	10 mo. 1865
Daughter of James and Elizabeth Brook			

MARY LOUISA BROOK, 1 10 10 mo. 1865

Sister of the above.

HANNAH BROWN, 71 13 4 mo. 1865

Highflatts. Wife of Samuel Brown.

Though little known beyond her immediate neighbourhood, and living in comparative obscurity, Hannah Brown was nevertheless much esteemed; and it is thought it may be interesting to others, particularly to those like herself, in humble circumstances, to mark the faithfulness of her God in His dealings with her.

Being the mother of ten children, one of whom was for many years a confirmed invalid, she had to struggle with many difficulties, in the endeavour to provide things honest in the sight of all men, labouring diligently that she might not be chargeable to others. The industry of herself and husband was blessed, and in the evening of their day sufficiency for their simple wants was granted them, with less of anxious toil.

Amidst these outward cares, it was her earnest endeavour to train up her family in the right way, and she would frequently tell them that nothing would give her more pleasure than to see them walking in the fear of the Lord, and remind them that there were no joys like the joys of God's salvation.

In a letter to a friend, under date Fifth month, 27th, 1844, she wrote:—"I have lately been so pressed down with trials of different kinds, that I have sometimes been afraid that I should never be able to stand. I find that giving up *part* will not do. It is giving up *all* in these afflicting circumstances that is so *hard*. I am so stubborn and unwilling to yield. If it were not for now and then feeling the presence of Him who suffers not a sparrow to fall unnoticed to the ground, I think I could not get on at all."

For many years she occasionally spoke in our meetings for worship, and was enabled in some measure to give up to what she believed was required of her; and not only to *suffer*, but also to *do* the will of her Heavenly Father; yet had she often to pass through much conflict, as she believed, for want of more dedication of heart to the work.

During her last illness, she entreated those about her to be faithful, saying she had been an unfaithful servant, that, had she yielded to her convictions, she would have been engaged at a distance from home in her dear Master's service. But through the atoning mercy of her blessed Redeemer, she knew her sins were forgiven.

A few days before her close, after being roused

from a deep sleep, seeing some of her relatives standing near her bed, she said, "Be ye also ready." On being asked if she felt refreshed with her long sleep, she replied, "Jesus is the best refreshment—Jesus supports. He is the best, and if we have Jesus, we shall have everything." At another time, after speaking of the harmony in the heavenly Jerusalem, she said, "I know there is a crown laid up for me, which Jesus has given, and He is waiting to take me to Himself. He has heard me, when no eye hath seen me, and He has brought me out of all my distress."

When very near her end, all that she said could not be distinctly heard, but it was evident that the breathings of her spirit were prayer and praise, and that she was experiencing the fulfilment of the gracious promise, which had often cheered her when cast down, "I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee."

Feeling her own weakness, on the near approach of death, she exclaimed, "Help me, Jesus, to cross the battle-field; keep my head above the water: I can do nothing of myself."

After a night of great suffering, she was permitted quietly to pass away, to join, as her friends reverently believe, that innumerable company, "who came out of great tribulation, and have

washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb."

ELIZABETH BROWN, 63 14 3 mo. 1866

Brighthouse. Wife of Charles BROWN.

CHARLES BROWN, *Brighthouse*, 57 13 4 mo. 1866

SUSANNA BROWN, 36 18 1 mo. 1866

Weston-super-Mare.

WILLIAM BROWN, *Hitchin*, 74 28 1 mo. 1866

We sometimes meet with those, who, without much open profession of religion, and with little public avowal of attachment to their Saviour, yet evince in their daily walk so much of a Christian spirit, that we can hardly doubt as to the source from which their actions spring. When, however, anything occurs to make their inner life more apparent, our hearts are gladdened and our faith is strengthened on being assured that the walk in life we have so much admired and respected has not been merely the result of a naturally amiable disposition, but that faith and love toward the Lord Jesus Christ has in very deed been the moving power within. And this may be said without speaking with unqualified approval of a walk of this character. It is possible that such have suffered themselves, and might have proved more helpful to others, had words as well as actions more plainly showed where their strength lay.

These remarks are to some extent illustrated by the subject of the following short sketch. Carefully trained by parents solicitous for his best welfare, and led in early life to refuse the evil and choose the good, William Brown maintained to a ripe old age a steady consistent walk, respected and esteemed by all who knew him. He was strikingly faithful in his duties as a son and a brother, he was warm hearted and constant as a friend, whilst genuine kindness to the poor, and a marked courtesy to all of every class were prominent features of his character.

When not quite thirty years of age, the somewhat sudden death of one to whom he was expecting within a few weeks to be united for life, together with the decease of both his parents and a brother-in-law, a few years afterwards, had the effect of deepening his religious feelings, and of leading him to cast himself more fully on Him whom he had already learned to trust. A short prayer written about this time and found among his papers after his decease, shews not only the earnest desires of his heart at this period of his life, but is not a little descriptive of his future life: so true it is that the Lord "fulfils the desires of them that fear Him."

After asking for the pardon of his numerous

transgressions through the intercession of Jesus Christ, he begs for divine grace to preserve him from sin, and that he may not be forsaken in the hour of temptation; for wisdom and virtue to guide his steps, for contentment, "which," he says, "I have long considered of more value than riches," and for a grateful heart for blessings and favours, which he speaks of as "unmerited by me and far beyond my deserts."

His last illness though brief was attended with much suffering, yet his accustomed cheerfulness was preserved throughout, and there was a freedom in his conversation on religious subjects which was very interesting to those who were privileged to be with him. The calm assurance he was permitted to feel, and the quiet trust he placed in his Saviour were very striking. He seemed even here a beautiful illustration of Christ's words to Thomas, of which he spoke as having been often a great comfort to him. "Blessed are they who have not seen and yet have believed."

A few days before his decease he said to a near relative, "The Lord Jesus Christ took me by the hand years ago and has led me along gently ever since." In reply to a remark made, that it was a great mercy that the work had not been post-

poned to a deathbed, he replied, "The work—ah, it has all been done for me. I have trusted Him for years, and I cannot mistrust Him now." On the First-day preceding his death, he said, "If I had my own wish, I should have been amongst the host of the redeemed before the throne to-day."

His disease gained ground very rapidly, constant attacks of sickness followed by great exhaustion soon reducing him to the greatest point of weakness. As it increased upon him, he constantly offered short prayers in the words of Scripture. "Take not thy Holy Spirit from me, O Lord." "O Lord, leave me not, neither forsake me." "Hold up my goings in thy paths that my footsteps slip not." "God be merciful to me a sinner." After a time of great exhaustion he said, raising his arms, "Lord, let me arise! give me the inheritance! give me the inheritance!" The last words distinguished were, "Blessed Jesus, Glory, Glory." And "early in the morning of the First-day of the week," as he had so much desired, his spirit was released from its earthly tabernacle.

MARY BUCKMASTER, 85 20 9 mo. 1865
Woodbridge. Widow of Peter Buckmaster.

- SARAH BUILDER, 69 19 8 mo. 1866
Oddington, Gloucestershire. Widow of William
 Builder.
- EMMA BULL, 24 26 10 mo. 1865
London. Daughter of James and M. A. Bull.
- CHARLES BURTT, 54 29 11 mo. 1865
Leadenham, Lincolnshire. An Elder.
- JOHN CADBURY, JUN. 32 28 5 mo. 1866
 Died at Brisbane, Australia. Son of John
 Cadbury, of Birmingham.
- EDWARD CADBURY, 22 24 1 mo. 1866
 Brother of the above.
- ANN CADBURY, *Birmingham,* 62 18 8 mo. 1866
- JASPER CAPPER, *Hastings,* 29 10 5 mo. 1866
- EDITH CAPPER, 7 mo. 4 5 mo. 1866
 Daughter of the above.
- EDWARD CARROLL, *Cork,* 80 18 11 mo. 1865
- MARTHA STRODE CURRY, 23 26 7 mo. 1866
Bristol. Daughter of Josiah and Sarah Curry.

There is reason to believe that this young friend was the subject of abiding religious impressions even in the years of childhood. Soon after leaving Sidcot School, she began to keep a diary which contains an occasional record of passing events, and of her own spiritual feelings and conflicts.

Under date, Fifth month, 1859, being then in

her sixteenth year, she remarks (in allusion to a previously recorded purpose of reading the Bible before leaving her room in the morning), "I have not been punctual in reading the Scriptures in the morning, which I much regret. I must pray to be more diligent, not so lukewarm. I fear I am not watchful enough. I do sometimes desire to be watchful; but, alas! it avails nothing without the supporting power of the Almighty."

A few weeks later, she writes: "I am expecting my dear brother home (from Sidcot, for the vacation), and am come into my room to ask the protection of my Heavenly Father, to keep us both in love, one towards another, and that my temper may not rise to irritate and vex him.* I ask a portion of His grace to keep our hearts. O my God and my Saviour, thou alone knowest how far I am sincere, for I do indeed often feel Thee very precious and very near to me. I have just risen from my knees, and can truly say, a most refreshing season I have had. I am sure the Holy Spirit has been near me. O that it might continue."

* We have every reason for believing that the brother here referred to, became a sincere disciple of the Saviour. After a short course of hopefulness and bright promise, he was removed by death, very unexpectedly, about a year before the subject of this memoir.

Again, Eighth month, 7th. "This is my birthday. Sixteen years of little good and much evil have flown away since I came into the world. Oh, if another sixteen years, or another single year, should be mine, how much more do I desire to improve; yea, improve, for my soul's good especially."

The short course of her life was, in a good degree, one of quiet unobtrusive usefulness, seeking to fulfil the duties devolving on her as a daughter and a sister; and labouring also to promote the temporal and spiritual good of the poor around her; visiting them especially in seasons of sickness and sorrow, and kindly ministering to their wants. The work of Divine grace appears also to have been steadily carried forward in her heart, as a reference to her memoranda touchingly evinces.

Third month, 14th, 1862. "How many and how varied are the trials of life. I feel at times as if I should be quite overwhelmed. Faith is so very low, and the power of Satan so high. But if we oftener went to the Great Physician (as one describes it), 'with nothing but broken bones and sores,' in a humble and trustful hope in His healing power, surely greater peace and comfort would be our portion. I often, very often, feel

that greater watchfulness is needed, and a continued warfare must be kept up with the enemy of all good."

Twelfth month, 25th, 1864. "How quickly time rolls on! Another year nearly gone. Surely the future is wisely hid from us by a kind Providence. If another year should be granted to me, may it be, in some humble way, devoted to my Saviour; for it is *Him* that my soul desires to serve. But should he see fit to call me from this world, I humbly believe, through the merits of His precious blood, which was shed upon the cross, that I shall be received by Him into His everlasting kingdom. May my heart, in truth and sincerity, though in a feeling of utter unworthiness, be able to say, 'Thy will be done.'"

M. S. C.'s health had never been strong, and by this time she had begun to manifest decided symptoms of consumption; and during the last eighteen months of her life, she was a good deal confined to the house, often in great bodily feebleness, with occasional suffering. But as her sufferings increased, she was favoured to enjoy, in increasing measure, the sweet experience of her Saviour's presence and love. On a friend's calling to see her, about two weeks before her death, and expressing his hope that, though

oppressed by so much feebleness and exhaustion she was still able to keep hold on her Saviour, she looked up with a bright and animated smile, saying, "O yes, and to rejoice in His love." Shortly after this, during the night, her attendant heard her distinctly saying, "All so bright and glorious! So beautifully bright. My lamp is trimmed and burning."

On her mother's coming into her room one morning, she said she suffered much from great difficulty of breathing, but added, "But my sufferings are not to be compared to what my Saviour suffered for me." To her cousin, who said that Jesus would be with her when passing through the valley of the shadow of death, she replied, "Scarcely a *shadow*," it was all so bright. And to her mother, "I am so happy! I can't tell you how happy I am. Happy! happy! Alleluia! The sting of death is taken away, for Christ has got the victory."

After her death, the following touching letter was found in her handwriting. It was addressed to her parents, to be opened after her decease:—

"My much beloved and precious Parents,

"When you read this, your child will have passed from her state of great suffering, and be safely landed in that glorious country where sickness,

suffering, and pain cannot enter ; and, above all, where parting is unknown. Now, my dearly loved ones, I beg you, yes, I earnestly entreat you, to turn your thoughts entirely away from me, as I now lie, or as I was lying in suffering. I would desire you to think of me as a glorious spirit, dressed in the splendid robes of my Saviour's righteousness, and with the crown I know he will give me, and the beautiful palm-branch, which means that the victory is won, and that another is come to the Saviour's praise. And above all the joys of heaven, to see my glorious Redeemer's face, and for ever to behold Him and join in the angels' song of praise! Then another joy to me will be to see and know my loved darling" (her lately deceased brother) "gone before. How he will welcome me.

" My darling parents, these are the thoughts I would have you muse on, when you think of your *two* treasures in the land of glory. * * The trial for you to be left without either of us must not be dwelt on ; but think of having *two* treasures above. I pray my Saviour will abundantly grant His comforting and healing spirit to your souls ; and may you look to Him in all your affliction, for He is willing to comfort His people.—With the dearest love I have, I am your

PATTY."

WILLIAM CARSON, <i>Liverpool</i> ,	72	3	4 mo.	1866
RICHARD CARTER, <i>Thirsk</i> .	71	23	9 mo.	1866
JOHN WALKER CASH, <i>Leeds</i> ,	46	6	5 mo.	1866
NEWMAN CASH,	74	1	8 mo.	1866

Woodhouse Cliff, near Leeds.

SARAH MOON CASH,	88	23	2 mo.	1866
------------------	----	----	-------	------

Peckham. A minister, widow of Samuel Cash.

JAMES CHANTLER,	71	31	1 mo.	1866
-----------------	----	----	-------	------

Rowhook, Sussex.

JOHN CHAPMAN, <i>Cotherstone</i> ,	64	14	8 mo.	1866
------------------------------------	----	----	-------	------

MARY CLARK,	73	7	9 mo.	1866
-------------	----	---	-------	------

Birmingham. Wife of Joseph Clark.

JOSEPH CLARK, <i>Birmingham</i> ,	66	13	9 mo.	1866
-----------------------------------	----	----	-------	------

Those who best knew our friend, Joseph Clark, and who most frequently enjoyed his society, and shared his labours for the good of others, can truly say that "the memory of the just is blessed."

He did not often speak of his early life; but once mentioned that when a scholar at Ackworth, a ministering friend, whose name he did not know, rose in meeting with the words of the 1st Psalm, and of his being so much impressed with the passage, "The ungodly are like chaff, which the wind driveth away." He did not remember that his mind had previously ever been impressed by anything he had heard in meetings. He read

the same psalm over on several following First-days, but said also that the opportunities for the perusal of the Scriptures were few and far between in the Ackworth of those days; and that when these opportunities did occur he mostly read psalms; he supposed partly on account of their poetical strain, but he feared they more affected his intellect than his heart.

As he advanced to manhood, and throughout his life, he was always a thoughtful student of books; in his early days in particular, he was an incessant reader of everything of a literary character that came in his way. He thus became acquainted with a larger number of Friends' books than perhaps most of his fellow-members. He was an eminently cheerful and intelligent companion in social life; and apt and ready in the quotation of his favourite authors, whether in prose or poetry.

His views on religious subjects in his early manhood do not appear to have been by any means clear or decided; and his associations when at Nottingham, where at one time he resided, were such as tended, perhaps, rather to the admiration of human intellect, than to promote a knowledge of Him, "whom to know is life eternal." Indeed, it was not until much later in

life that Joseph Clark experienced that change of heart which enabled him to comprehend the meaning of the apostle's words, "the foolishness of God is wiser than men;" but when that change did come, his dedication to God was without reserve, and his service was a willing one. Though at first he found intellectual difficulties in acknowledging the need of a Saviour, yet he afterwards remarked that one thing that seemed clearest to him was, that it *must* have needed a *divine* power to bear all the sins of the world."

In 1833 he removed to Birmingham, where he resided to the end of his life.

About twenty years ago our late beloved friend Joseph Sturge invited Joseph Clark to occupy the office of superintendent of the adult division of the Severn Street First Day School, which was then in its infancy. The number of adult scholars at that time was not much over 50; many of these were uncleanly in person and disorderly in habits, and with so little apparent reverence for Holy Scripture, that, contrary to the present quiet and serious attention of the scholars when it is publicly read, the whispering and general listlessness proved in how little regard it was held.

Probably most of those who came to the school simply desired improvement in reading and writing; but, as our friend in after years remarked, "only a stepping-stone in my own experience and theirs to something higher and better," holding that it was hardly possible for any one to sit down with a class, Bible in hand, with however small a sense of ability, or desire to benefit others, without reaping benefit himself. Under the genial and judicious care of such a superintendent, the school continued to grow in numbers, both as to scholars and teachers, until the division under his care amounted to 450. His intercourse with the classes was of the most unassuming and kindly character, inspiring alike respect and love; and as the school increased, so did his sense of responsibility deepen in relation to it. He has more than once remarked, that what little of time and labour he had given to Severn Street School, had been repaid to him a thousand fold, as having been by God's blessing the means of leading him to the acknowledgment of his own unworthiness, and to his acceptance of Christ as his Saviour; adding, "Joseph Sturge little knew what he was doing for me when he almost forced the First-day school work upon me, with the remark, 'Joseph, if thou thinks thou can't

do much good, thou may perhaps get some.' I am afraid I have done but little, but O, how much I have received."

Not many weeks before his death, Joseph Clark, in referring to his connection with the First-day school, remarked, "I always took an interest in it from the first. It gratified me to witness any increase in numbers, and to notice any benefit in the scholars, especially any progress in religious truth. I thought little of myself, until a friend one day, addressing the scholars, said also a few words to the teachers, and advised them to inquire of themselves whether, when imparting knowledge to others, they were forgetting to apply what they taught to their own hearts." These observations, he said, went home to him, and from this time he dated the commencement of that great change which gave him peace through our Lord Jesus Christ, in the reception of the words "Thy sins are forgiven thee."

The teachers and scholars in this interesting school were constantly in his thoughts, and shared largely in his prayers. On one occasion when inviting some of the teachers to unite with him in supplication on behalf of the school, he said, "Although closet prayer is as essential to the Christian as his daily food, yet social and

united prayer—the two or three met in the name of the Master—is often as good for the spiritual appetite as the social meal is good in quickening the bodily one.” Many alike, whether teachers or scholars, will often gratefully recall the kindly word of counsel or reproof, dropped from him in private with much simplicity and humility.

His views on almost all subjects were large and liberal, so that he became very generous and charitable in his opinion of others, always hoping for the best whenever he saw a spark of good in them, often saying our Heavenly Father would never “quench the smoking flax” in any. Another striking proof of the reality of the change which had taken place in his heart, was the entire disappearance of an occasional touchiness of temper, and somewhat cynical judging of others, which had not unfrequently characterized his conduct in former years.

Joseph Clark largely enjoyed the blessing of health until it was somewhat suddenly interrupted about the close of 1864, when disease of the heart became apparent, inducing so much debility that it became necessary for him to give up alike his business avocations and various social and religious engagements. His beloved wife, too, had recently, at the solicitations of her friends, resigned

her office as superintendent of the girls' First-day school, having lovingly held this post for several years, and nearly reached the age of seventy, though still full of life and energy.

Joseph Clark felt the giving up of his First-day school work more than that of any other engagement; yet patiently submitted to the divine will, saying, "If my little work is done I must be satisfied; I am no longer wanted, and wait the end with patience." Whenever his strength permitted he was glad of the calls of his friends, and spoke with much pleasure of the kindness of some of the First-day scholars in thus visiting him. He continued also to talk with much interest of the Bible Reading Meetings and of the Friends' Bible Mission in Cross Street, assuring those who laboured in this work that they had his warm sympathies and his prayers that the Divine blessing might largely rest upon them. Every First-day morning, it was his delight to think of those assembled together in the schools and at meeting, and to pray "that their work and worship and praise might be blessed to the glory of God in Christ Jesus." Sometimes his prayers were vocal, for he felt it was not only a privilege to make use of words, but that it was often a great help to the suppliant, as well as to those

who heard him. Only one First-day was the school forgotten, this probably owing to the painful circumstances which were permitted in some measure to cloud his last days, and then he said, "Oh, I did not remember our friends this morning," having forgotten that it was First-day.

The feeling of love 'without distinction of sect' seemed to grow in his heart for the last month or two. He remarked one day how much more easily he was able to see the good in people, where formerly he had perhaps fancied that the "good seed" was choked, and added, "how evil seemed to shrink into smaller and smaller compass in many, and the good to cover it." Fervently as he prayed for those "far off," it was to those especially "who loved Jesus," that his love was drawn forth. In allusion to his wife, he said, "*She* has differed from me in her great humility, and has not liked to make mention of *her hope*. I have thought her wrong in this, but perhaps it was right for her."

Thus as "the outward man" decayed "the inward man was renewed day by day." Assiduously and tenderly nursed by his beloved wife, Joseph Clark calmly waited the end, when, by an inscrutable providence, the sharer of his joys and sorrows for forty years was suddenly snatched

from his side. They had removed three months before this to the residence of their son-in-law, Chas. D. Sturge.

A sempstress who had been employed by their daughter Ellen Sturge and other friends, had become subject to the insane delusion that they had treated her unkindly, and were designing to poison her, so that some preliminary steps had been taken towards placing her under proper care. One morning, however, she called at the house, asking to see Ellen Sturge; she being indisposed, her mother went down stairs to speak to the woman. A few moments after, cries being heard, Mary Clark was discovered lying on the floor bleeding severely from a deep wound in the neck, inflicted by the miserable woman. The wound was not immediately fatal, indeed some hopes were entertained that recovery might take place; yet, notwithstanding every care, the dear sufferer peacefully passed away about a week after the fatal occurrence; not however without expressing her pity for, and entire forgiveness of the unhappy creature who had caused her death.

Her husband bore this terrible blow with much Christian resignation, and often were his thoughts also turned to the authoress of this sad calamity. Before he was fully aware of his wife's great

danger he said, speaking of the woman, "I think of her almost more than of mamma. Poor thing, she must be so miserable!" When it was announced that his dear wife had passed away, he eagerly asked *when?* and on hearing, said with deep satisfaction, "I was just engaged in prayer for her at that minute." He conversed for nearly an hour that night with his daughter and son-in-law, asking to have the words of David read, "I shall go to him, but he shall not return to me;" and it was in the early morning following his wife's funeral that his spirit was set at liberty to rejoin her in that "rest which remaineth for the people of God."

He was often comforted by hearing verses of his favourite hymns, such as "Abide with me, fast falls the eventide." Or, "Source of my life's refreshing springs;" and on the last First-day he was able to be in another room, a very precious time was spent with him. He appeared so heartily to enjoy hearing many of his once well-known hymns read; for his verbal memory had become so defective that he could hardly recall a single line, and but very few texts, though he always remembered the ideas they embodied.

During the last month of his life, when he was daily expecting he might be summomed home, he

would speak with full confidence of his speedy departure; and though sometimes weary with waiting, took an interest in every good thing. He expressed much of his own love for Christ, and on some one reminding him of an expression of the late Mary S. Lloyd, in reference to her own weakness, when she said, speaking to a friend, "Oh! my dear, there seems only love left," he replied, "I do indeed feel an increasing love to my Saviour, and to those I believe to be His." On the doctor's calling about this time, his eyes lit up with sudden joy, a glow of colour came in his face, and with his hands uplifted, his faint weak utterance changed for words clearly expressed, he told "what great things God had done for him." "I *longed* for this opportunity," he said. "It is delightful to me to tell you this. I believe that in Jesus I am justified, redeemed, sanctified, and shall soon be glorified. O the unspeakable love of God! My dear friend, it is delightful to tell you this. Jesus has made me to rejoice;" and presently after, speaking of his beloved wife, he alluded "to her humble Christian walk, and her lovely unselfishness of character, and her consistency;" and then, recurring to the great theme that evidently filled his mind, he dwelt again on "the love of God in Christ Jesus."

After the doctor had left, he remarked, "It seems like a miracle, his coming, for I longed so to see him, and tell him how I feel the love of God, and to bear testimony to my dear wife's goodness." Presently, he turned to the young surgeon, who was present, and said, "Bear it in mind, bear it in mind, I suffer much, but I also rejoice." Then, appearing exhausted, he added, "I feel that I have done with everything now." Lying afterwards very quiet, the name of Jesus was frequently on his lips, in faint accents. On the verse being repeated—

How sweet the name of Jesus sounds

In a believer's ear!

It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,

And drives away his fear,"

he replied, "*Fear*, child—I have no fear; perfect love casteth out fear; and Oh how I love Him!" At another time he said, "Herein is love, not that *we* loved Him, but that He loved us first and gave Himself for us." He also frequently expressed his joy at being permitted to glorify Jesus on his bed of sickness; and spoke of "the precious gift of Christ. Nothing of my own, *all* the gift of Christ; how delightful!"

A friend, who was with him at this time, afterwards writes: "I felt it a blessed privilege to have been with him. His life was lovely—his

end was peace. May we also 'die the death of the righteous, and may our last end be like his.'"

The last night of his life, he slept for only half-an-hour, and was nearly the whole time engaged in prayer. His attendants often heard the name of "Jesus" repeated, in a low weak voice. During the last quarter of an hour, he was too near "the border land" to be conscious, and passed away as in a sleep, so that it was hardly known when the peaceful spirit had departed. Truly, "he was not, for God took him."

JANE CLARK, *Darlington*, 72 11 7 mo. 1866

SARAH CLARK, 66 2 10 mo. 1866

Street. Wife of Cyrus Clark.

SARAH ANN CLARK, 30 17 6 mo. 1866

Worcester. Wife of Joseph D. Clark.

JOSEPH CLARKE, 59 14 10 mo. 1865

Cadnor, Derbyshire.

ELINOR CLIFTON, 73 19 2 mo. 1866

Morland, Western Australia.

JAMES CLOAK, *York.* 78 10 4 mo. 1866

ANNA MARIA COLE, 23 15 2 mo. 1866

Birkenhead.

WILLIAM COLLINSON, 28 31 10 mo. 1865

Manchester.

LOUISA COOKE, 17 17 8 mo. 1866

Ballinure, County Cork. Daughter of James Cooke.

MARY CORNISH, <i>Redruth,</i>	51	16	5 mo.	1866
ANN COTTERILL, <i>Marnhull, Wiltshire.</i>	75	5	3 mo.	1866
SAMUEL CREETH, <i>Belfast.</i> Son of James and Jane Creeth.	18	20	11 mo.	1865
HAROLD BEVAN CREWDSON, <i>Manchester.</i> Son of William and Ellen Crewdson.	4	7	11 mo.	1865
ELIZABETH CROSBIE, <i>Glasgow.</i> Daughter of Archibald and Elizabeth Crosbie.	2	28	3 mo.	1866
JOHN CURRE, <i>Guernsey,</i>	80	19	9 mo.	1866
ABIGAIL DANN, <i>Reigate.</i> Widow of John Dann.	79	5	5 mo.	1866
JOHN DANN, <i>Nutfield, near Reigate.</i> Son of Thomas T. and Maria Dann.	14	29	8 mo.	1866
SAMUEL TULLY DANN, Brother of the above.	11	29	8 mo.	1866

These dear boys, with two of their school-fellows, were drowned whilst bathing at Brighton. Although so suddenly called away, their sorrowing friends have a consoling belief that their purified spirits are for ever at rest in the bosom of their Saviour. They were dutiful and affectionate boys to their parents, and loving and beloved by their brothers and sisters; and their

schoolmaster writes respecting them: "I never remember a time in my experience as a teacher, when a nicer feeling existed in my family, and this was, I am clear, largely owing to the honest, quiet endeavours of these dear boys to do their duty;" and he concludes a little account of them with a quotation from a poem which was a favourite one with the elder brother—

"Oh, not in cruelty, not in wrath,
The reaper came that day!
'Twas an angel visited the green earth,
And took the flowers away."

MARY TURNER DAVIES, 9 2 7 mo. 1866

Portsmouth. Daughter of Robert E. Davies.

SAMUEL DAVIS, *Clonmel*, 58 19 9 mo. 1866

MARTHA DAY, *Leicester*, 65 29 10 mo. 1865

WILLIAM DEANE, 73 5 4 mo. 1866

Brighton. An Elder.

HANNAH DICKENSON, 84 13 8 mo. 1866

Strines, near High Flatts. Widow of John Dickenson.

JAMESINA GREEN DOUGLAS, 1 17 7 mo. 1866

Dublin. Daughter of John Douglas.

WILLIAM DOULL, *Edinburgh*, 37 5 11 mo. 1865

JOSEPH KING DOYLE, 23 30 9 mo. 1865

Cork. Son of Joshua Doyle.

SARAH DOYLE, 27 1 11 mo. 1865

Sister of the above.

JOHN DREWETT, *Tottenham*, 78 26 9 mo. 1866

WILLIAM DREWETT, 56 3 3 mo. 1866

Luton. A minister.

William Drewett was born in the parish of Stepney, in the county of Middlesex, in 1810, of parents who were anxious to train their children in the paths of religion and virtue. He received his education at Ackworth School, and there, as he afterwards writes of himself, he "frequently witnessed the overshadowing of Divine favour."

In 1825 he was apprenticed to a Friend at Luton, where he settled in business, and continued to reside for the rest of his life. Writing of this early period, he remarks, "Well do I remember the many visitations of my Heavenly Father's love;" and then, in reference to the exposures and temptations of youth, and the need of guarding against them; adds, "I was in the practice, for the last two years of my apprenticeship, of retiring to my chamber in the intervals between meetings on First-days, which I found strengthening and refreshing." Thus, under the nurturing care of the Lord, he was becoming fitted for His use in those more public services to which he was afterwards called.

In the year 1832, he was united in marriage with Gulielma Maria Pattison, in whom he found

a true help-meet amidst the cares that devolved upon him in succeeding years, in connection with the training of a young family, the perplexities at times attendant upon a retail business, and those deeper provings which our Heavenly Father sees fit to administer as a necessary part of His discipline of love. In 1842, the year in which his diary commences, and towards the close of which he first spoke in our meetings for worship, the following entry occurs: "I think it right to record that our meeting this morning was to me a season of Divine favour, wherein love to the whole human family, and our little society particularly, prevailed in my heart, with desires that we may all be found attending to the requirings of our Divine Master, however opposed to our natural inclinations or insignificant they may appear in the sight of others."

His first offering in the ministry is thus noticed:—

Twelfth month, 25th. In the afternoon meeting, soon after taking my seat, as I was reflecting upon the many sudden deaths which had lately occurred in this town, the love of my Heavenly Father so covered my mind that I believed I should have to give expression to my feelings publicly. Many were the strivings of nature to

be excused from this most humiliating exercise ; but I believed that if I let the present opportunity pass, a state of desertion and darkness would be my portion. A short time before the meeting closed, strength was mercifully afforded. * * And now, O Lord ! since I believe it was Thy call which I have obeyed, be pleased to be near me, show me what Thou requirest, and grant, if it please Thee, strength to perform it, for Thou knowest I have but little of my own strength or abilities to lean to, and am one of thy most unworthy servants. O Lord ! lead me in the way everlasting."

The next record of W. D.'s feelings made after the lapse of nearly five years, evinces his desire to provide things honest in the sight of all men, but expresses the fear, so peculiarly characteristic of his watchful mind, lest in so doing he had been "too much taken up with things of a worldly nature," to the hindrance of his progress heavenwards.

Our dear friend was careful that his "conversation" should be "as it becometh the gospel of Christ;" and, in his latter years especially, he was anxious to make occasions of his incidentally meeting with others useful both to them and to himself. An early instance of his

faithfulness to conviction in this respect is given under date Third month, 9th, 1849. "I left home this morning to give evidence in a case of felony, at the assizes at Bedford, but which did not come to a trial. Earnest were my desires, when going out, that my conduct during the day might be such as becomes a consistent member of our society. Upon going to the inn in the evening to take some refreshment, a little profitable conversation arose on self-protection and the use of warlike weapons. I trust the replies I gave did no injury to the cause of truth and righteousness; I believe they were satisfactory to some present, and having a few peace tracts in my pocket, I thought it a suitable opportunity of distributing them. I returned home the same evening with a company different from those I usually mix with, being policemen, and witnesses, but who were civil and agreeable to me. Upon reviewing the actions of the day, I may say that a measure of peace was my favoured experience."

Tenth month, 13th, 1850. He writes: "How necessary it is for the Christian, who is seeking an enduring inheritance, not to be much disturbed with the things of this world. I have been ready to believe that the enemy of all good has taken advantage of my weakness in this respect.

Many sleepless hours have I passed, and but few rays of heavenly comfort have been my portion. The death of ———, who was taken off after a short but violent illness, precluding nearly all his relatives from seeing him, in the midst of worldly concerns, leaving a family not of an age to attend thereto, is an awful proof of the uncertainty of time, and of the necessity of having our souls' accounts in such a state that when the solemn command of 'Steward, give an account of thy stewardship,' shall go forth, we may be ready to give it up with joy and not with sorrow. But, oh! what watchfulness unto prayer it requires that our minds do not be overburdened with transitory things. In the name of Jesus Christ Thy blessed Son permit a poor unworthy one to crave of Thee, O merciful Father, who knowest the frailty of human nature, a little of thy help fully to resist the many temptations which surround me, that so I may become if Thou designest, instrumental in advancing Thy glorious cause of righteousness in the earth."

There is much variety in the few entries made in his journal during several succeeding years; as an instance of faithful reproof the following is selected:

Sixth month, 22nd, 1853. "To-day I had an

opportunity of stating my disapproval of one of those exhibitions of folly which are frequently seen in our streets, and which mostly collect many around them. The man solicited some half-pence, as he was about to perform something very attractive. I told him I regretted he was engaged in such an employment. He remarked, it was *his* way of getting a living. I replied there were many ways of getting a living which would not stand the test in the great day of account, and this being one of them, he had better give it up whilst time and opportunity offered. He acknowledged the truth of what I said, but still urged the gift of some half-pence. I told him it would be very inconsistent of me to give him any, as it would be encouraging him in his present way of living. I have mentioned this circumstance, believing it is our duty to bear our testimony against vanity and immorality on all suitable occasions."

In the spring of the year 1858, William Drewett was recorded as a minister, and shortly afterwards speaks of attending the Yearly Meeting of ministers and elders, adding, "When I reflect upon the important and responsible situation in which my friends have placed me, it often bows me into the dust; and whilst I have, in mixing

with my dear friends in a similar position, been refreshed, and, I think, a little strengthened, yet I crave that I may not place undue importance upon these opportunities, but more frequently and more earnestly be seeking to Him who is the fountain of all our spiritual strength. And for such an one as myself, who has very little indeed of the natural man to assist me in judgment, it feels as if I must commit *all* to Him, hoping to be made, by renewed submission, anything or nothing, as is consistent with His will. And O Thou Omniscient Being, in the name of Him who took our nature upon Him, and who told His followers that a sparrow falleth not to the ground without Thy knowledge, enable me to guide my temporal affairs to Thy praise and glory."

In turning over the successive pages of W. D.'s recorded experience, an increasing love to his Redeemer and His cause is manifested, and a corresponding desire to be made useful amongst his fellow creatures; but especially was he on the watch to serve those of the same household of faith, either individually or in their collective capacity as a church. Though ever "diligent in business," it was his primary aim to be "fervent in spirit serving the Lord," so that though often oppressed by outward cares, he rarely allowed

these to prevent his attending our meetings either for worship or discipline. He was also exemplary in visiting small meetings in the neighbourhood, at which his company was greatly valued; and he was very frequently present on occasions of interment. Many of the latter are noticed in his memoranda, when he seems always to have felt, and often to have expressed, a lively concern for the instruction of survivors by the solemn event which brought them together. But it would exceed the limits of this little periodical to give much further detail from the records of his own pen.

He did not travel extensively in the work of the ministry, but several times received a minute of the concurrence of his Monthly Meeting for Gospel service among Friends and others in his own and neighbouring counties, in all of which his labours were truly acceptable; whilst his humble consistency of demeanour greatly endeared him to those he visited. The last of these services of love was closed but a very few weeks before his final illness. The minute, which he had held a considerable time, being only returned at the Monthly Meeting in the Second month, when he gave an instructive account of the Lord's dealings with him.

The most striking characteristic of the life we have thus far attempted to describe, appears to be its even consistency. William Drewett did not aim at great things, but showed an aptitude in turning small opportunities, and those of everyday occurrence, to the best account. In the family, the shop, the market, in the railway carriage, or in the street, he never forgot to speak and act as a Christian; and very many were his visits to the cottages of the poor, and the abodes of the sorrowful and afflicted, bearing the message of Christian sympathy or of heavenly consolation. Placed in no elevated position, and endowed with no unusual talents, he yet won the regard and esteem of those with whom he was brought into contact, in no common degree; and he has left to his friends the bright example of one, who, "with simplicity and godly sincerity, not with fleshly wisdom, but by the grace of God, had his conversation in the world."

The last time he addressed his friends in meeting, as he quoted the words, "Set thy house in order for thou shalt die and not live," it was evidently under the impression that to some one then present the words were appropriate. His friends, at least, little supposed that such a call was so soon to be given to himself.

The illness which terminated his life attacked him in the form of inflammation of the lungs, near the end of the Second month. A few days of acute suffering followed, during which hope and fear for the result alternated in the minds of his family, but his own mind dwelt on the probability that he was about to "enter the eternal world."

He was frequently able to converse with those around him, giving utterance to much that was both instructive and comforting. With that consideration so natural to him, he entered, during the last night of his life, with sympathy into the trials of his attendant, and desired to spare all about him undue fatigue. At one time he said, "I should like to see all my friends; I feel such love to them all, here and everywhere; I have long loved all who love the Lord Jesus." Whilst no expression of impatience or of fear escaped him, he frequently said, "What should I do if I had to prepare for death now? The pains of the body are enough to bear, but I trust my sins have gone beforehand to judgment." Once he remarked, "I have not that clear evidence that some are favoured with, but I hope I may have before the close;" this trustful hope was remarkably fulfilled. About half an hour

before his departure, in reply to a question as to how he felt with regard to the future, he looked beamingly happy as he replied, "Not a cloud in the way," and, shortly afterwards repeated the triumphant words of the apostle, "O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory? The sting of death is sin, and the strength of sin is the law; but thanks be unto God, who hath given *me* the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ." Thus joyously was this meek disciple permitted to pass away from earth, adding

"Another gem to the Saviour's crown,
And another soul to Heaven."

MARY DREWRY, 81 7 7 mo. 1865
Aspatria, near Wigton.

ALICE MARY DYMOND, 11 25 3 mo. 1866
Bradford. Daughter of Joseph J. and Hester M. Dymond.

HENRY DYMOND, 65 11 5 mo. 1866
Exeter. A minister.

"Blessed is the man who trusteth in the Lord, and whose hope the Lord is." Jerem. xvii. 7.

ROBERT DYMOND, Sen. 68 4 9 mo. 1866
Exeter.

MARGARET EDDISON, 22 23 1 mo. 1866
Sherwood, near Nottingham. Daughter of Booth and Eliza Eddison.

PETER NORMAN EDWARDS, 62 5 6 mo. 1866
Brinsop Court, near Hereford.

ANN ELLIS, 84 21 3 mo. 1866
 Bristol. Widow of John Ellis, of Shrewsbury.

ISAAC ENGLISH, 76 9 mo. 1865
Rathmines, near Dublin.

FRANCES EVANS, 80 24 2 mo. 1866
 Weston-super-Mare.

ELIZABETH FARRAND, 66 29 8 mo. 1866
Northampton. Wife of Isaac Farrand.

Elizabeth Farrand for many years filled the station of domestic servant, and was much esteemed by her employers. Her connexion with our religious society did not take place till middle life, when she was received a member by Wellingboro' Monthly Meeting. As one of the Lord's hidden ones she endeavoured to adorn her profession by a humble, watchful and consistent walk.

She was united in marriage to Isaac Farrand in 1855 when she removed to Northampton. Of a very retiring disposition, she won the affection and esteem of those who knew her worth, and she was a true help-meet to her husband.

It pleased her Heavenly Father in the spring of 1865 to permit her to be heavily afflicted with bodily illness, and this continued to her death. But, as in all His dispensations to His children,

He has His own glory and their good in view, so in this instance there is reason to believe that it tended to her refinement and advancement in the Christian life. She exhibited during her long illness, remarkable patience and resignation, often saying when her sufferings were alluded to,—“The cup that my Heavenly Father hath given me, shall I not drink it?” and she appeared ever watchful lest a murmur should find a place in her heart or expression by her lips.

She was sensible that it is by the Divine mercy in Christ Jesus alone, that we can find acceptance with God, and felt that she had nothing of her own whereby to merit His favour; thus casting herself on Him she was favoured to feel that He would in no wise cast her out, according to His gracious promise.

Sustained by this assurance she was preserved from despondency, and was at times joyful in the midst of her tribulations. To many who visited her, her example was a lesson not to be easily forgotten.

As the close of her life drew nigh, a growing meetness for the joys of heaven was apparent by her conversation and her dying daily to earthly cares and concerns. And when about to step into the river that separates this world from the next,

that unshaken faith which had supported her throughout her trying illness seemed turned to sight as she said to those around, "I see the heavenly company, I hear the heavenly choir and shall soon join them."

JOHN FARRAND, *Croydon*. 82 16 6 mo. 1866

ELIZABETH FARDON, 21 10 6 mo. 1866

Droitwich. Daughter of John A. and Catherine Fardon.

WILLIAM FARDON, *Reading*. 64 18 4 mo. 1866

ISABEL FARRER, 80 23 3 mo. 1866

Grayrigg, near Kendal.

JOHN FELTHAM, 68 11 2 mo. 1866

Winchmore Hill.

ELIZABETH FENNELL, 34 15 10 mo. 1865

Glenlee, near Clogheen. Daughter of the late William Fennell.

ROBERT FENNELL, 44 17 9 mo. 1866

Banbridge, near Moyallen.

SARAH FIELD, 68 2 6 mo. 1866

Wooldale. Wife of William Field.

HUBERT FISHER, 4 29 10 mo. 1865

Rathmines, near Dublin. Son of Thomas W. Fisher.

ALICE MAUD FISHER. 3mo. 30 10 mo. 1865

Sister of the above.

MATTHEW FITT, *Limerick*. 81 12 2 mo. 1866

FRANCES FITZGERALD, 38 1 4 mo. 1866
Westminster. Wife of Alexander Fitzgerald.

JOHN FLETCHER, 73 10 3 mo. 1866
Little Ayton.

CHARLES W. FOX, 23 18 6 mo. 1866
Neath. Son of Alfred and Sarah Fox.

EDWARD MARSHALL FOX, 26 4 7 mo. 1866
Liverpool. Son of John and Anna P. Fox.

The following particulars of E. M. F. are prepared for the Annual Monitor with the hope that others may be encouraged through his experience, to *prove* more fully *how* good the Lord is to those who put their trust in Him.

He was the youngest child of Joseph and Anna P. Fox, of Falmouth, his cheerful, kindly disposition, added to the special tenderness of which the youngest of the flock is often the subject, made him a great favourite in his family. With the exception of a few years passed at school he lived at Falmouth until he was twenty-one, when, having completed his apprenticeship, he went to Birmingham for further improvement in the business of a Chemist and Druggist.

Although in the estimate of those around him his life was blameless, he recently remarked with reference to this period that he was not happy, because his heart was far from God, and that he

was treading in a very slippery, dangerous path, until he was arrested by coming under the influence and the teachings of the Gospel at the Young Men's Christian Association.

This was as the turning point in his life, and prepared him for the enjoyment of the religious privileges which awaited him at Birmingham, where he became also united with men, who, though like himself young in years, were earnest Christians, and as such acknowledged both their privileges and their responsibilities; and there is ground for believing that blessing has rested, and is still resting on the ministration of these, whether in the First Day School or on behalf of the very poor and degraded, to whom they carried the Gospel message.

In the summer of 1863, E. M. F. went into business at Liverpool; he was full of happy anticipations,—an engagement in marriage animating him in his exertions in temporal things, whilst his heart was not less warm for the work which might be allotted to him in his Lord's vineyard.

But very soon his prospects were clouded by the failure of health, consumptive symptoms having appeared, and in the summer of 1864 he left England for Australia with sanguine hopes that

the voyage and a tarriance in a genial climate might prove restorative; he felt so much better for the means resorted to that he ventured to return home the next year, but soon found that this early return was very premature and that he must again go through the pain of leaving all that he held most dear in England and give a fair trial to a foreign climate. Thus it seemed as if he was called on rather to *suffer*, than to *do* the Lord's will. The following winter was passed at the Cape of Good Hope, and a little while in the interior of the country; there was some improvement again when voyaging, but the advantages of climate were greatly outweighed by the liabilities against which it is almost impossible for a stranger to provide.

E. M. F. met with much kindness at the Cape, he said that the fact of his being a "Friend" seemed to be a sufficient passport there, and although personally unknown to James Backhouse, being allowed to use his name secured him several valuable introductions. Although he felt a deep interest on behalf of those amongst whom his lot was cast, seeing with pain how many conflicting influences combined to hinder the spread of the Gospel, his increasing weakness forbad his making many efforts beyond

the distribution of tracts, which he regretted he had not done more extensively when he heard of the value which was set on the books in the "Friends' Library" attached to their school—by both the white and coloured amongst the inhabitants; some of the young men who had received their education at the College established by the Bishop, for the Caffre population would go or send many miles to borrow these.

Early in 1866, E. M. F. felt obliged to yield to the conviction that his illness was gaining ground, and decided on returning to his friends. After a favourable voyage, he landed at Falmouth, on the 15th of Fifth month. His parents being both deceased, and the family much scattered, although fraternal love would gladly have provided a home for him under more than one roof, the most eligible appeared to be that of his aunt's, and very thankful was he to find a resting-place after the many changes and often suffering experiences of the last two years. But though grateful and patient, and uncomplaining, there was a settled pensiveness in his look, with very little power for conversation; nor was he able to bear much reading. Altogether there was a low tone of spirits. In this state of languor he described himself as "waiting to feel better;" for from the

flattering nature of his madady he quite expected to rally a little under the more favourable circumstances in which he was placed;—gradually this expectation faded away. It was about a fortnight after his return, when one morning before breakfast, which was generally his brightest time, he requested that instead of a psalm, as usual, he should hear the 13th chapter of John. When the 7th verse had been read, Marshall remarked that that was the one he wanted; that these words of the dear Saviour to Peter, “What I do thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter,” had been quoted in a letter to him, but that he had hardly been able to take hold of them. Not that he would call in question any of the dealings of his Heavenly Father; but when this portion of Scripture was now presented to him as a word of cheer to the members of Christ’s Church to the end of time, the query, almost in soliloquy, arose “Am I a member of His Church?” As a “believer in Jesus,” he felt that he might claim the privilege, “a believer in Jesus, who had loved him and washed him in his own blood.”

The next morning he asked for the 15th chapter of John. At the second verse he said, “Oh, that is it: ‘Every branch in me that beareth not fruit he taketh away.’ I have been thinking

to-night that this is the reason for my being taken away." It would have distressed him to have made allusion to the evidences he had given when health was granted of being a fruit-bearing branch of the vine. He seemed quite unable to allow the languor of illness to be an apology for what he called slothfulness; but he was willing to see that his case might be referred to the next portion of the text: "Every branch that beareth fruit, He purgeth it, that it may bring forth more fruit," and said that he ought to be very thankful that he was not a branch that was withered and cast forth to be burned. He spoke of the "cruel, unwearied enemy," who was trying to separate him from the "love of God;" and turning to Rom. viii. 1.—"There is now no condemnation," &c.—he said he could fall back on this, however weak and tried he might be; also on two of the promises—"I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee," and "My grace is sufficient for thee." He seemed on this occasion, as on others, to be afraid to give expression to his thoughts, lest, as he said, "You should think me better than I am. My Heavenly Father knows what a very poor creature I am. Yes, 'He knoweth my frame,' and He remembers too that we are but dust! How significant this is; and truly as a father pitieth his children, so He *has* pitied me."

Throughout six weeks of weakness, weariness, and much bodily affliction, the dear invalid was kept in patience. He found great refreshment from having hymns read to help him off to sleep at night; but there was still a shrinking from the thought of death and the grave, and hymns bearing much on these had to be avoided. He would say that he could trust his dear Saviour through all, and that "it is bright beyond, but the flesh is *such* a coward." He could unite in the lines

"Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee,
E'en tho' a cross it be,
That raiseth me," &c.

but that he could not yet adopt the words—

"One *sweetly* solemn thought
Comes to me o'er and o'er;
I'm nearer home to day
Than I ever have been before."

giving emphasis to the word "*sweetly*."

To *soothe* was the object, and keeping this in view the well known little book, "Last words of Samuel Rutherford" was read over and over again and never wearied the dear listener, who sometimes sank into sleep as the words

"Glory, glory dwelleth
In Emmanuel's land "

fell on his ear.

On the morning of the 29th of Sixth month, Marshall, having had some hours of comfortable sleep felt brighter than usual. The first text on the "Silent Comforter" (which he could read from his bed) was, "I know that my Redeemer liveth." He commented on the blessing of being able to adopt this language—repeating the words and then added "but the *flesh* is still a great coward, and would be excused from the latter portion of the text" (referring to the grave)—he then wished to have 1 Cor., 15th chapter read to him, saying "I have just read it but I want to get more and yet *more* out of it."

As the hours of that day passed on he was very ill, the body sorely distressed—the mind kept in perfect peace. He felt unequal to the effort of being carried into another room, but this seemed absolutely needful to save him from the extreme heat caused by the afternoon sun in his own, the weather just then being very hot. He yielded to the judgment of those around him, and when laid on the bed in a cooler room was much refreshed. About seven o'clock in the evening a sudden sinking of the bodily powers came over him;—with death-like pallor and quivering eyelids, he hailed as he believed, the coming of the dear Saviour, saying, "Oh, I see Him, I see Him, He is so

kind, oh so kind! and if this is dying, it is most delightful! yes—‘the *bliss*’—not the ‘*pain*’ of dying”—he spoke many words of loving farewell and exhorted those around him not to delay serving the Saviour, “*going to do—but not doing* the work, as had been the case with himself. But for all short-comings he knew that he had been forgiven, but what privilege was thus lost! “Tell every one of Jesus! he is *such* a Saviour,—I am so happy—it would be worth a long life of suffering to enjoy what I now feel.”

For about an hour, he remained in this state of ecstasy, waiting as at the portals of Heaven, when he felt that he was beginning to revive; the colour came back to his cheeks and the pulse beat stronger. Though disappointed to come back to earth and pain, he said cheerfully, “never mind, He will come again in his own time, and that is the best time, He will not forget me!”

During the five days that he lived after this, his hope was again and again renewed that the messenger was come to take him home. The expression of happiness which rested on his face told that there was now given to him *joy* as well as peace in believing; and when he found that he must wait yet a little longer, he would comment cheerfully on being still with those whom he

dearly loved, and somewhat as an apology for his willingness to depart, would say "I am going to Jesus!" Often he was heard to pray for patience, but yet more often would his voice break forth in praise and thanksgiving; he spoke of the promises of the Bible having long been precious to him, but their adaptation he had never known till now—"now," he said, I know the meaning of "the Everlasting Arms" for they "*are* underneath me," and the promise "When thou passest through the waters I will be with thee, &c." was often referred to as descriptive of the sensible support which was given to him.

His strongest tie to earth was now loosened, so that he could call on his tenderly-loved friend, whom he had fondly hoped would one day be his wife, to rejoice for him during "the *little while* till they met where partings are no more," the same Shepherd "would still guide them, one on this side the river and the other on that." He *had* thought most of re-union with loved ones gone before, but now it might be said that it was "Jesus only."

Many hours in this chamber of sickness were spent in reading, either hymns or portions of Scripture; sometimes to soothe even into sleep, and sometimes to refresh his spirit in answer to his request, "read to me about Heaven!"

On the last afternoon but one of his tarriance on earth, "The Pilgrim's Progress" was taken up, in order to read the description of Christian parting with his burden at the foot of the Cross, on which Marshall remarked, "I do not think that I have quite understood 'the Cross' in the sense in which it is often spoken of,—in my case, I was so overcome by the Saviour's love in inviting me, and then taking off my poor rags and clothing me in a robe washed in His own blood, that I had not anything to give up." It is believed that this was when E. M. F. was about nineteen or twenty years of age. Doubtless this was a faithful representation of the young believer's feeling, when responding to the call, "My son, give me thy heart." Yet his life bore evidence that he had accepted—yes, cheerfully accepted—the terms of discipleship as given in the words of Jesus to His followers, "Whosoever will come after Me, let him deny himself," &c.

On Fourth day morning, the fourth of Seventh month, about ten o'clock, the last sinking commenced. Dear Marshall said that he believed that he should not be disappointed *this* time; he had just before been repeating the following portions from Rev. v., "Thou wast slain and hast redeemed us to God by Thy blood out

of every kindred and tongue, and people and nation ;” “ Worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honour, and glory, and blessing. And every creature which is in heaven and on the earth, and under the earth, and such as are in the sea, and all that are in them, heard I saying, Blessing and honour, and glory and power, be unto Him that sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb for ever and ever.” He said that *now* it was indeed “ a *sweetly* solemn thought ” that he was “ nearer *Home* to-day ” than ever he had been before. On some suffering symptom being referred to, he said with a smile, “ I do not feel pain now, for I am enclosed in my Saviour’s arms ; ” he then repeated Isa. xl. 11, “ He shall feed His flock like a Shepherd,” &c., dwelling with gratitude on the exceeding tenderness of Jesus as the Good Shepherd. The last portion of Scripture he repeated was, “ Thanks be to God which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ.” Soon after this he fell into a sleep from which there was no awaking on earth, and about half-past one his loving watchers perceived that he had ceased to breathe, and they too could join on his behalf in the ascription of thanksgiving, which they had just heard from his lips.

- JOHN FOWLER, *Gloucester.* 63 21 4 mo. 1866
- JAMES FURTH, 55 14 3 mo. 1866
Tamnamore Lodge, near Lurgan.
- MARY GARDNER, 78 24 6 mo. 1866
Whitechapel, London.
- ANN GIBSON, 67 19 10 mo. 1865
Saffron Walden. An Elder. Widow of Jabez Gibson.
- ELIZABETH GIBSON, 62 31 1 mo. 1866
Clifton, near Bristol. An Elder. Widow of Francis Gibson, of Saffron Walden.
- SARAH GILL, 50 9 6 mo. 1866
Liverpool. Widow of Seth Gill.
- MARIA GOLDSBURY, 47 7 10 mo. 1865
Ipswich. Wife of George Goldsbury.
- ELLEN GRACE, 70 6 7 mo. 1866
Bristol. Widow of James Grace.
- ELIZABETH GRAHAM, 91 24 3 mo. 1866
Cockermouth. Widow of James Graham.
- WILLIAM GRAY, *Edinburgh.* 76 4 12 mo. 1865

One in ancient days testified that he “feared the Lord from his youth;” and the saying was applicable in a remarkable degree to the subject of this memoir, who appears from memoranda left behind him, to have been under the influence of religious impressions in very early years; which, it is believed, tended to his preservation,

when, as a fatherless lad, he was exposed to the contaminating influence of evil associates.

He records that being drawn, he knew not how, he went to the Friends' Meeting in Southwark. He was rather late, and as he entered the house these words quickly passed through his mind—"It is good for me to come here." The meeting was held in silence; but this did not seem strange to him, on the contrary, he believed it was a *profitable* time both to himself and some others.

Subsequently, he became a regular attender of Devonshire House Meeting, London; and was received into membership by that monthly meeting, on the ground of conviction, in 1811, when about the age of sixteen; and through a long life, manifested an unwavering attachment to the Truth and the testimonies that spring from it, as held by our religious society.

Possessing a mind richly stored with the contents of the sacred volume, he was qualified like "the scribe instructed unto the Kingdom of Heaven, to bring forth out of his treasury things new and old;" and very striking was the frequency with which in religious meetings, he would, when comparatively young, be instructed by the revival in his mind of Scripture texts that were afterwards quoted and enlarged upon by

ministers, greatly to his encouragement and confirmation.

During the latter years of his life, he had occasionally a few words to express in meetings in the line of the ministry ; and pretty frequently attended the Yearly Meeting in London, for which opportunities he always felt thankful.

Our friend had, in the course of his pilgrimage, to pass through some very close trials, but under all was sustained by the consoling assurance, “ My grace is sufficient for thee ; for my strength is made perfect in weakness ; ” and was enabled in humility, to maintain his integrity and uprightness unto the end, which was emphatically peace—“ peace with God, through our Lord Jesus Christ.”

ANN GREEN, 41 26 6 mo. 1866

Newry. Wife of Thomas Green.

JACOB GREEN, 82 20 1 mo. 1866

Tramra, near Moira. A minister.

SUSANNA GREEVES, 64 17 9 mo. 1865

Rathmines, County Dublin.

CHARLOTTE MARIA GRUBB, 57 26 2 mo. 1866

Dublin.

MARY HADLEY, 24 25 9 mo. 1865

Birmingham. Daughter of Edward and M. A. Williams.

- ANN HALL, 97 6 5 mo. 1865
Scarborough. Widow of Jonathan Hall.
- CATHERINE CANDLER HALL, 60 28 1 mo. 1866
Yewbarrow, near Grange, Morecambe Bay.
 Wife of Benjamin Hall.
- FREDERICK B. HALL, 33 10 3 mo. 1866
 Son of the above.
- MARY HALLIDAY, 1 3 1 mo. 1866
Drumgark, near Lurgan. Daughter of James Halliday.
- ALICE MARY HARDING, 5 3 9 mo. 1866
Bristol. Daughter of Alfred S. and Eliza Harding.
- MARY HARDY, 71 11 1 mo. 1866
Cootherstone. Widow of Patrick Hardy.
- HANNAH HARGRAVE, 78 28 5 mo. 1866
Birmingham. Widow of William Hargrave.
- JAMES HARGRAVES, 67 21 4 mo. 1866
Whirley, near Macclesfield.
- MARY HARRIS, 57 26 10 mo. 1865
Sibford Ferris. Widow of Joseph Harris.
- JOHN HARRISON, 69 16 6 mo. 1866
Crook, near Kendal.
- REUBEN HARVEY, *Limerick.* 77 21 9 mo. 1866
- HANNAH J. HAUGHTON, 25 4 5 mo. 1866
Cork. Daughter of John B. and Mary Haughton.

- RACHEL HAUGHTON, 76 29 4 mo. 1866
Late of Banford, near Moyallen. Widow of
 Benjamin Haughton.
- ANN HAWORTH, *Dorking.* 60 8 3 mo. 1866
- THOMAS HAYDOCK, 82 3 5 mo. 1866
Cobra, County Tyrone.
- THOMAS HODGKIN, M.D. 68 4 4 mo. 1866
London. An Elder.
- ELIZABETH HOGG, 13 20 12 mo. 1865
Monkstown, County Dublin. Daughter of
 William Hogg.
- MARY HOLLINGWORTH, 76 30 11 mo. 1865
Great Ayton.
- ELIZA ANN HOPKINS, *Brigg.* 60 24 5 mo. 1866
 A Minister. Wife of Joseph Hopkins.
- SARAH HORNER, *Hull.* 83 1 10 mo. 1865
- MARY HORTIN, 88 16 7 mo. 1866
Wymondham, Norfolk. Widow of William D.
 Hortin.
- ROBERT HURNARD, 91 11 1 mo. 1866
Colchester. An Elder.
- HERBERT HUTCHINSON, 19 30 9 mo. 1866
Spalding. Son of Proctor Hutchinson.
- ELIZABETH JACKSON, 71 19 5 mo. 1866
Calder Vale, Lancashire. Wife of Jonathan
 Jackson.

She was of a meek and quiet spirit, which is in

he sight of God of great price. In the midst of a large family, and the occupations incident to country life, she maintained an anxious desire for the everlasting happiness of her children, and the welfare of her household. Naturally of a retiring disposition she sought not great things for herself or her children, but by few words fitly spoken, and the faithful discharge of life's daily duties, she was enabled to make her home the place of much quiet peace and contentment; and when the evening of life drew on she could acknowledge that poor and unworthy though she felt herself to be, her faith was strong in the adorable love and mercy of her Saviour. She peacefully passed away with the blessed hope, that through Him her purified spirit would be permitted to enter through the Pearl Gates, to be for ever with the Lord.

REBECCA JACKSON,

65 12 10 mo. 1866

Mile End, London. Widow of W. Jackson.

The removal of this dear friend was very sudden; only two days before her death, in her usual health, she attended an evening meeting at Devonshire House, to which, at John Hodgkins' request, the young had been especially invited; her object in going having been to accompany her youngest daughter home. In the night she

was seized with a mild attack of cholera; with prompt attention the disease was arrested, but she had not sufficient strength to rally. She apparently suffered but little pain, and sank into a deep sleep which lasted twelve hours, after which without any sign, except a slight change in her countenance, she peacefully passed from life to immortality.

It had been a subject of earnest prayer with her that she might never live to be a burden to any one, or lose her mental powers, which appears to have been thus signally answered.

She possessed great power of mind and a very strong will, was naturally of a lively temperament, and high, independent spirit. At one time she was much given to speculative reasoning, which led to her doubting the Divinity of our dear Redeemer; but after an illness, several years ago, she acknowledged that many things had been made plain to her which had before much perplexed her, and that she had been brought to think very differently on these things. Since this period a marked change was apparent in her life and conversation.

Her husband's failures in business, and the cares of bringing up a large family, some of whom died in infancy, caused her many and varied

trials, some peculiarly painful and humiliating to her proud heart. But these, through God's blessing, were made instrumental to her purification. A near relative writing of her says, "She has been an example and comfort to me all her life, for truthful integrity, patience, fortitude, energy, and unfaltering hope and trust: these natural qualities were, as the discipline of life progressed, more and more based upon religious principle; and I know she grew and matured in the knowledge and love of her Saviour."

She was an affectionate and devoted mother, and her children have indeed cause "to rise up and call her blessed." Her deep religious feeling, the sense of her own unworthiness, and in later years, her cheerful resignation to the Divine will were chiefly shewn in her letters to these. She never conversed much on such subjects, except with very intimate friends, and was scrupulously conscientious in little as in greater things.

The words of a minister urging those standing round her grave so to live that when the final summons came "they might have nothing to do but to die," were strikingly illustrated in her own case. She had long before said that she had no fear of death, and had in outward things prepared for it by giving directions about all her worldly

affairs; and though she enjoyed the beauties of nature and felt an interest in what was passing around her, her affections were set on things above, and she was accustomed to speak of heaven as her home.

Though her children feel the parting much, they admit the truth of the words their dear mother often quoted, "He doeth all things well."

JOHN JACKSON, *Deanscales*, 73 21 4 mo. 1866

MARY JAGGER, *Leeds*, 62 15 2 mo. 1866

Widow of Thomas Jagger.

MARGARET C. JESSOP, 19 3 mo. 1866

Dublin. Daughter of Airey P. Jessop.

JOHN KENDREW, *Manchester*. 67 5 9 mo. 1865

ANN KETT, *Bridgewater*. 83 21 1 mo. 1866

ANN KEYMER, *Cirencester*. 70 20 9 mo. 1866

Wife of Henry Keymer.

SAMUEL CAPPER KIDD, 14 29 8 mo. 1866

Bristol. Son of Richard Kidd.

ROBERT KING, 86 23 11 mo. 1865

Dungannon, near Grange.

SARAH KING, *York*. 31 19 6 mo. 1866

Wife of Henry King.

SARAH KITCHING, 66 20 1 mo. 1866

Great Ayton.

HELEN LUCY KNIGHT, 17 3 8 mo. 1865

Margate.

- MARTHA KNIGHT, 87 8 4 mo. 1866
Weston-super-Mare. Widow of Jerem. Knight.
- MARY LAMB, *Birmingham*, 17 23 10 mo. 1865
 Daughter of Joseph and Eleanor Lamb.
- CHRISTIANA, LANE, 17 21 7 mo. 1866
Lancaster. Daughter of Thomas and Mary Lane.
- CHARLES LATCHMORE, 20 29 9 mo. 1865
Stockton. Son of William Latchmore.
- MARIA LATCHMORE, *Hitchin*. 60 19 3 mo. 1866
 Wife of Thomas Latchmore.
- HANNAH WIFFEN LAWRENCE, 54 20 4mo. 1866
Taunton. Wife of Foden Laurence.
- MARK LEICESTER, 63 1 12 mo. 1865
Liverpool. An Elder.
- JANE LEWIS, *Swansea*. 92 20 4 mo. 1866
- JOSEPH LINSLEY, *Leeds*. 65 21 11 mo. 1865
- SOPHIA LITTLEBOY, 34 2 5 mo. 1866
Crowmarsh, Oxon. Wife of Thomas Graham Littleboy.
- She died "trusting in Jesus," and in humble confidence. that through His merits and intercession, a happy eternity was opening before her.
- This joyful assurance she left as a special legacy to her friends, to alleviate their heartfelt sorrows.
- ANN LOCKETT, 80 27 8 mo. 1866
Burton-on-Trent. Widow of Ambrose Lockett.

JAMES LOVELL, *Street*, 72 18 9 mo. 1866

His declining years were marked by a deepened feeling of the importance of heavenly things. A sense of the infinite value of the love of God as made known through Jesus Christ our Lord, had taken such entire possession of his mind, that the single aim of his life seemed to be, the rendering of loving service to his Lord and the extension to those around him of the earnest entreaty, "Be ye reconciled to God." It was his daily practice to take a walk of several miles through his own and the surrounding villages, visiting the poor, the aged, and the afflicted, and sometimes assembling a few of them together in some humble cottage for the purposes of religious edification.

He was accustomed to spend much time in retirement, and to make known his requests to God in earnest prayer, answers to which were, as he believed, often evidently vouchsafed. During the last three years he was engaged from week to week in his own meeting in extending to his friends the invitations of the gospel, making frequent reference to the uncertainty of life.

In the last meeting which he attended, about five days before his death, he spoke of the love of God, urging all to come to the Saviour. He remarked afterwards to a friend on the happiness

he was permitted to enjoy. His faith was of a very simple kind, and by it, "he being dead yet speaketh."

THOMAS Mc.DONNELL, 55 21 7 mo. 1866

Rathmines, County Dublin.

ANDREW MALCOLMSON, 49 3 2 mo. 1866

Liverpool.

ANN MARK, *Cockermouth.* 59 17 11 mo. 1865

WILLIAM MARRIAGE, 58 24 2 mo. 1866

Writtle, near Chelmsford.

In the midst of usefulness the life of W. M. was unexpectedly brought to a close, after a short but severe illness, which he was enabled to bear with much patience. Soon after being laid aside from his active duties, he expressed his belief that he should not recover; and although his estimate of his own religious attainments was strikingly humble, he repeatedly spoke of his being able to trust in his dear Saviour, and said he believed that through His boundless mercy an entrance would be granted him into one of the many mansions in his Heavenly Father's house.

ELIZABETH MARTIN, 70 24 1 mo. 1866

Kelvedon, Essex.

JOHN MATTHEWS, 74 1 1 mo. 1866

Birmingham.

SARAH MEATYARD, 71 20 11 mo. 1865

Basingstoke. Wife of Robert Meatyard.

The subject of the following memorial was for many years an invalid, which prevented her from much association with her friends beyond the circle of her own family.

Patience in suffering, humble resignation to the Divine Will, and a deep sense of her own unworthiness, were conspicuous traits in her character. She frequently expressed her readiness to depart and be with Christ whenever the summons should be sent, but desired to be preserved in patience; remarking how much she had to be thankful for, and that throughout her long illness she had felt the power of her Heavenly Father near to support. Her end was peace; she quietly passed away, as one falling asleep.

HANNAH MINCHIN, 60 16 6 mo. 1866
Hooknorton.

ROBERT MOLINE, 77 4 9 mo. 1866
Blackheath, near Deptford.

SPARKS MOLINE, 54 28 11 mo. 1865
Stoke Newington.

MEHETHABEL MOORE, 90 26 10 mo. 1865
Tottenham.

ANGELICA MULLIN, 1 23 2 mo. 1866
Rathmines. Daughter of John W. Mullin.

HANNAH MULLIN, 3 27 2 mo. 1866
Sister of the above.

JANE MURPHY, <i>Cork.</i>	52	17	6 mo.	1866
Widow of Edmond Murphy.				
MARY MURPHY, <i>Belfast.</i>	75	16	8 mo.	1866
Widow of John Murphy.				
THOMAS MURPHY, <i>Clonmel.</i>	38	14	12 mo.	1865
WILLIAM MURRAY, <i>Dublin.</i>	73	12	2 mo.	1866
SUSANNA LUCAS NAINBY,	30	10	12 mo.	1865
<i>Kettering.</i> Daughter of Arthur and Mary Nainby.				
GEORGE PENROSE NEALE,	60	7	4 mo.	1866
<i>Kilmoney, Kildare.</i>				
JANE REYNOLDS NEAVE,	40	12	2 mo.	1866
<i>Fordingbridge.</i>				
HENRY NICHOLSON,	65	12	1 mo.	1866
<i>Chelmsford.</i>				
ELLEN MARIA NORTON,	57	18	10 mo.	1865
<i>Woodbridge.</i> An Elder. Wife of William Norton.				

In the removal of our friend E. M. N., comparatively in the vigour of life, we are reminded that the Lord's ways are not as our ways; that His thoughts are far above our thoughts; and that, seeing the end from the beginning, He doeth all things well.

She was the daughter of Samuel and Rebecca Alexander, and was born at Ipswich, in the year 1808. She was an attractive and intelligent

child. As she grew up to womanhood, she endeavoured to exercise in the right direction the influence she possessed in the family circle; and early manifested a desire to assist in benevolent and philanthropic objects. She was naturally of a lively disposition, and very fond of society; but through all she strove to be, as she felt was required of her, a consistent member of our religious Society. On her marriage, in 1850, she removed to Woodbridge, and proved a valuable addition to that Meeting. She filled the station of Overseer, and subsequently that of Elder, and was much interested in the maintenance of our Christian discipline. In the Gospel labours of the messengers of Christ she evinced a warm and lively interest: it is due to her memory to notice that in the exercise of a little faith she cheerfully surrendered her husband, to accompany for a time a friend on a religious visit to some parts of the United States, at a time when no little feeling was called forth on account of the war which then prevailed in that land. The retrospect, as expressed by her during her illness, was attended with satisfaction and thankfulness.

She took an active part in several of the benevolent institutions of the place in which she resided, and was deeply interested in the religious,

moral, and social welfare of the poor; holding meetings weekly, during a part of the year, with a number of her own sex who appeared most to need help and counsel. In reference to these opportunities, it may not be out of place to quote the words of one who had been accustomed to assist her: "It has been my happiness frequently to be present when the dear departed one has affectionately and faithfully shown to those present the only way of salvation for fallen sinners, and there is reason to hope not in vain. May the blessed influences of the Holy Spirit so water the good seed sown from week to week, that both she who sowed and those who reap may rejoice together to the praise of God's grace."

E. M. N.'s health had for some little time shown symptoms of weakness, but it was not till the spring of 1865 that it caused much anxiety. She was able to get to meeting, and to attend to her various engagements without much interruption till the time of the Yearly Meeting, when she accompanied her husband to London; partly for the benefit of medical advice, but with a view also to attend, as far as she was able, the sittings of that meeting, in the proceedings of which she continued, as in former years, to feel a lively interest. Soon after arriving in town, however, her illness so

much increased as to admit of her attending only on a few occasions. At the conclusion she went to Peckham, and spent a few days with her relatives there. She returned home the seventh of Sixth month, greatly reduced in strength. From this time the complaint made rapid progress, accompanied at times by severe suffering, so as not to allow of her assembling again more than once with her friends in public worship. For some time previously she had been aware of what would in all probability be the termination of her illness. She felt for a time much cast down under a sense of her unfitness for the solemn change, and at the thought of being called upon so unexpectedly to give up all the ties and endearments of life; but she was sustained under this deeply-proving dispensation, in much patience and resignation to the will of the Lord, and strengthened from time to time to cast herself upon His mercy and love in Christ Jesus.

Soon after her return from London, she had the satisfaction of a visit of a few days from her sister Sophia Alexander, which was repeated to their mutual comfort in the early part of the Eighth month, when symptoms of indisposition of a serious character shewed themselves in this beloved sister, which increased so rapidly after

her return to Ipswich, as to forbid her again leaving home, and thus it was not permitted to these closely-united sisters again to meet on earth. It was very instructive to notice in both the submission and resignation with which this added trial was received from a loving Father's hand.

The illness of E. M. N. continued to gain ground. On the 11th of Ninth month, she remarked that she was permitted to feel a degree of peace in the prospect before her beyond what she had hitherto experienced, and that she could repose in her Saviour's love.

14th. This morning she said that she felt that her weakness was increasing, and that she thought the time could not now be long before the change came; and though she felt closely the severing of her earthly ties, she did long to enter the better land, believing, though conscious of many shortcomings, that her sins had been washed away in the blood of the Lamb.

15th. In the evening she was engaged, as on many previous occasions, in prayer, craving that if she were prepared, the work might be cut short in righteousness; and on behalf of the members of her family, that, having been a united family on earth, they might be united in Heaven—that not one might be missing in singing the praises of the Lamb.

The following Sabbath was one of much peace. In the afternoon, on recovering from a violent attack of pain, she remarked, "I thought I was going; and if it had been the Lord's will, I could have been thankful to have been released on a day of so much peace." This happy feeling continued with but little interruption through the day, and she more than once returned thanks for having been permitted so much quietness.

19th. She was much exhausted, and taken with considerable difficulty in her chair into the drawing-room for the last time. It was very affecting to witness how powerless she was. Her sister, Rachel Maw, who with another sister so affectionately watched over her, remarks: "I sat down beside her, when she spoke to me of her greatly increased weakness, and asked us to pray that she might soon be permitted an entrance into the Heavenly Kingdom. Supplication was shortly offered that if consistent with the Divine will, it might be so, and a peaceful dismissal granted; but that both she and we might be enabled to bow in resignation thereto, and be supported amid all the tribulation and sorrow which the Lord might see meet to dispense." After the doctor's visit, in a subsequent part of the day, she was herself engaged to petition that she might

have grace to bear all the suffering that might be permitted to attend her; concluding with, "But, O Heavenly Father! if it be Thy will, grant me an easy dismissal, for the sake of my dear husband, as well as my own." She was carried back to her chamber in the evening, not again to leave it while life lasted. She was favoured with a pretty comfortable night's rest, and revived in the morning. To continue her sister's narrative: "I went into her room before breakfast, and found her very bright and cheerful; looking so like her former self, that it seems difficult to realise she is so near the confines of time. Since breakfast I have been sitting with her, and we have had some sweet converse. Dear E. remarked that she feared she had been too much occupied with the cares and duties of life in days that were past; she trusted she was not now taking up a false rest; she did think she might in sincerity say, she trusted only in Christ Jesus for salvation. In the course of the evening she said, in allusion I think to a remark of the doctor, 'I desire not to be impatient, but to wait the Lord's time.' She spoke also of the many blessings and privileges which had been so abundantly bestowed upon her during her illness. When I went to take leave of her for the night, she said

in a whisper, being much exhausted, 'O Rachel! it is wonderful that one so overpowered with bodily sickness should be able to rest so sweetly on the Saviour. The Everlasting arms are underneath: I have such sweet peace.'

25th. After a comparatively comfortable night she felt refreshed, and expressed a wish that the Scripture-reading should be in her chamber, and that the servants should be present. The 14th of John was read. She afterwards addressed a few words to the servants, and thanked them for their kind and assiduous attention to her, and trusted a blessing would attend them.

On the 6th of 10th month her sister remarks, "Our dear invalid is, I consider, more sunk to-day. She had a very poor night, being restless and wakeful; her bodily distress is at times trying to witness. A few days since, when I was endeavouring to soothe her, as she was in great pain, she looked up at me, saying, 'It is because I suffer so much pain that I crave sleep;' adding, 'I am not afraid to go to sleep; for if I never wake again, I have such a sweet assurance that all will be well, the fear of death is quite taken away.' When going in to take leave of her for the night she said, 'You are come to read to me.' While her husband was selecting a chapter, she

sweetly prayed that a true hungering and thirsting after righteousness might be known, and then returned thanks for all the blessings bestowed upon her. From this time her strength gradually declined, till the morning of the 18th of Tenth month, when it was evident from the increased shortness of breathing that the solemn change was at hand; and soon after nine o'clock, without a sigh or struggle, as she had petitioned, she quietly and peacefully passed away.

DANIEL O'BRIEN, *Dublin.* 79 20 2 mo. 1866

SAMUEL PADLEY, *Sheffield,* 73 20 7 mo. 1866

HANNAH JANE PALMER, 41 10 11 mo. 1865

Huddersfield. Wife of Arthur Thomas Palmer.

*HANNAH PARKER, 66 15 10 mo. 1864

Bradford. Widow of William Parker.

CHARLOTTE H. PATCHING, 75 29 1 mo. 1866

Peckham. Widow of Isaac Patching.

ROBERT PATCHING, *Brighton.* 85 7 6 mo. 1865

EDWARD HAWLEY PAYNE, 2 12 3 mo. 1866

Newhill, Barnsley. Son of Henry and Sarah Payne.

MARIA PAYNE, 72 17 4 mo. 1865

Newhill Hall, near Doncaster.

JOHN PAYNE, 81 19 4 mo. 1865

Newhill Hall, near Doncaster.

* This name and several others beginning with P were inadvertently omitted in the A. M. of last year.

HANNAH PEARSON,	60	6	8 mo.	1866
<i>Oakenshaw.</i> Wife of Henry Pearson.				
MARION E. PEARSON,	1	27	5 mo.	1866
<i>Blackrock, near Dublin.</i> Daughter of B. M. Pearson.				
SUSANNA PEARSON,	66	16	3 mo.	1866
<i>Stone Bridge, Co. Armagh.</i> Wife of Jacob Pearson.				
FRANCIS RICHARD PEASE,	20	7	6 mo.	1865
<i>Darlington.</i> Son of Joseph Pease.				
GEORGE PEET, <i>Waterford.</i>	84	25	5 mo.	1865
ALLAN PEILE,	67	13	10 mo.	1865
<i>Rogerscale, Cumberland.</i>				
GEORGE PEILE, <i>Broughton.</i>	76	3	1 mo.	1865
SUSANNA PEILE,	77	16	6 mo.	1865
Widow of the above.				
JAMES NICHOLSON PEILE,	29	24	8 mo.	1865
<i>Newcastle-on-Tyne.</i>				
JOSEPH PENNY, <i>Street.</i>	63	21	6 mo.	1866
GEORGE R. PENROSE,	71	23	6 mo.	1865
<i>Near Mountmelick.</i>				
ANNIE AMELIA PETTIT,	2	19	6 mo.	1865
<i>Birmingham.</i> Daughter of Joseph and Emma A. Pettit.				
MARY PHELPS, <i>Dublin.</i>	78	4	8 mo.	1866
SARAH PHILLIPS,	61	19	8 mo.	1865
<i>Rastrick, near Brighouse.</i> Wife of Mark Phillips.				

- JANE PICKARD, 60 30 4 mo. 1865
Wolsingham, near Bishop Auckland. Wife of
 James Pickard.
- WILLIAM ARTHUR PICKARD, 21 17 6 mo. 1866
 Son of the above.
- JANE PICKARD, 65 11 1 mo. 1866
Skerton, near Lancaster. Widow of Joseph
 Pickard.
- MARY ANN PICKARD, 42 25 10 mo. 1865
Mansfield. Wife of George Pickard.
- MARY PIM, 28 23 4 mo. 1865
Sydenham, near Belfast. Daughter of George
 C. and Anna S. Pim.
- HANNAH PITT, 2 28 4 mo. 1865
Mitcham, Surrey. Daughter of George and
 Priscilla Pitt.
- WILLIAM PITT, 3 mo. 5 4 mo. 1865
 Brother of the above.
- JOSEPH B. M. POLLARD, 3 27 9 mo. 1865
Brighton. Son of Theophilus and Elizabeth
 Pollard.
- CUTHBERTHA E. POTTS, 75 2 6 mo. 1865
Brighton. A Minister.
- MARY POWELL, 70 18 3 mo. 1866
Kelvedon, Essex.
- RICHARD FOWLER PRICE, 69 20 1 mo. 1866
Birmingham.

- ELIZABETH PRIDEAUX, 53 21 8 mo. 1865
Plymouth. Wife of Charles Prideaux.
- SARAH HANNAH PRITCHETT, 66 16 4 mo. 1865
Poole.
- SAMUEL PRYOR, *Plaistow.* 57 31 12 mo. 1865
- ALFRED ERNEST PUMPHREY, 1 28 10 mo. 1865
 Son of Alfred and Hannah M. Pumphrey.
- HANNAH PUPLETT, 76 22 3 mo. 1866
Coggeshall. Widow of Benjamin Puplett.
- NANCY PYE, 75 5 7 mo. 1866
Wyersdale. Widow of Bartholomew Pye.
- SARAH RICKMAN, 68 20 8 mo. 1866
Lewes. Widow of John Rickman.
- DAVID ROBINSON, *Belfast.* 73 8 1 mo. 1866
- JANE ROBINSON, 14 10 1 mo. 1866
Whinfell Hall, Cumberland. Daughter of
 Wilson Robinson.
- SAMUEL ROBINSON, 83 29 11 mo. 1865
Cairnloughran, Co. Antrim.
- SARAH ROBINSON, 86 19 2 mo. 1866
Newcastle-on-Tyne. Widow of Christopher
 Robinson.
- WILLIAM SATTERTHWAITE, 76 15 3 mo. 1866
Southport, late of Lancaster.
- CHARLES SAUNDERS, JUN. 46 3 6 mo. 1866
Horsham.

- HESTER HOLMES SAWER, 22 10 3 mo. 1866
Lambeth. Daughter of the late Everard Sawyer.
- HANNAH SCARR, 77 8 6 mo. 1866
York. Widow of John Scarr.
- CHRISTIANA SARAH SCOTT, 11 10 3 mo. 1866
North Shields. Daughter of Thomas and Caroline Scott.
- JOHN REED SEEKINGS, 61 11 4 mo. 1866
Birmingham. A Minister.
- WILLIAM SEWELL, *Frome.* 79 16 3 mo. 1866
- ABRAHAM SEWELL, 76 22 3 mo. 1866
Malton. An Elder.
- ELIZABETH SHACKLETON, 73 18 9 mo. 1865
Leeds.
- EBENEZER SHARP, *Brighton.* 79 18 4 mo. 1866
- JOHN TALWIN SHEWELL, 84 4 6 mo. 1866
Rushmere, near Ipswich. A Minister.

John Talwin Shewell, the eldest son of Thomas and Ann Shewell (formerly Talwin, of Royston), was born in London, in the year 1782. About the age of fifteen he was apprenticed to Isaac Liversedge, of Ipswich, a very respectable linen draper, under whose care, and that of his estimable wife, he conducted himself so as to gain their affectionate approbation. An intense love of reading was at this time indulged in, but a Minister in the Society of Friends, then on a

religious visit to Ipswich, requested a private interview with him, and kindly cautioned him respecting the perusal of works of fiction. This admonition sank deep into his tender, youthful heart. He pondered upon the subject—all such books were to be given up at once; and in after life he never forgot his early impressions.

The following extracts were written at this period of his life :

“What are the chief joys, pleasures, and gratifications of time compared to that joy, unspeakable and full of glory, which religion enables us to look for hereafter? Does not the voice of wisdom silently teach me that they are altogether ‘lighter than vanity;’ that they are utterly unworthy of engaging the affections of an immortal spirit, whose views and hopes are bent towards ‘an inheritance incorruptible, undefiled—that fadeth not away;’ a ‘house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens!’ Cease then, O, my soul, to seek for permanent repose in this land of inquietude and tears; whose sublimest prospects terminate in vanity, and whose most refined joys are mingled with ‘vexation of spirit.’ O, my Heavenly Father, I acknowledge my manifold iniquities before Thee; surely I am utterly unworthy of Thy paternal regard; it is only Thy

mercy that supports me; withdraw Thy aid, and I sink into nothing."

"O my true and only Guide in this dark night of apostacy and infidelity, my soul craves Thy aid. Dispel, I pray Thee, gloomy shades; stamp my belief, confirm my faith, strengthen my heart; enable me to pierce through the obscurity that the unfaithful would fain throw around the refulgency of the Gospel; direct my poor, feeble understanding to the arising of that beaming star that can alone point the way to the low, humble dwelling of Christ Jesus."

"What is there of good in me to support me in a pilgrimage of painful probation, and of perpetual struggle with the enemies of my soul's peace, to enable me to combat with that cruel and deceitful adversary who would wreck my eternal happiness in inexpressible guilt? O Father, when I think on these things—when I call to mind my own weaknesses, errors, and corruptions—my soul trembles on the verge of despair! Where are my resources, what is my hope—whence can I look for succour, if the Lord refuse to help me? Oh, may this humbling consideration batter down all my pride; may it teach me to look only to that Redeemer 'by whose stripes we are healed;' who alone can 'redeem us from all iniquity, and purify

unto Himself a peculiar people zealous of good works.'”

In 1802 Isaac Liversedge died; and thus, before his apprenticeship had expired, the care of an extensive business devolved upon J. T. Shewell, who exerted himself most industriously for the benefit of the widow. By his good management every alleviation in her declining years was afforded to her, and he became her partner. His meditations on the occasion are very solemn: “O Lord God Almighty! I dare not enter upon my new duties without claiming Thy Sovereign aid, for I know Thou only canst support my weary footsteps in my pilgrimage through life. Look down, I humbly pray Thee, upon my drooping mind: sustain my troubled spirit, which, nevertheless, through all its tossings has not utterly lost sight of Thee: enable me to centre down more and more into Thy fear: to resist the subtle insinuations of the Enemy, who is willing to swallow up all my peace in unutterable confusion. O most gracious Father, having indeed lost the guide of my youth, he who with tender kindness watched over the dawn of my early days, and whom I fondly hoped to find a stay to my future life, the memorial of whose worth yet survives in my heart, and I desire should do so

whilst breath remains—O most merciful Being, since he is gone, and can never more return to guide and to soothe, do Thou continue my firm, steady, unchangeable Friend, till time likewise with me shall be no more.”

The intellectual tone of the establishment and its great respectability induced many parents to send their sons to be there initiated into business habits, and many young men were under J. T. S.’s care whose after life testified to the benefit they had derived whilst under his roof.

He occasionally visited Aldeburgh where he enjoyed the society of Joseph J. Gurney. During their social walks on the beach, the proceedings of the then recently formed British and Foreign Bible Society were detailed in a manner which awoke a deep interest in the mind of the subject of this memoir, and he began to exert himself in the good cause, not disheartened by the opposition and difficulties he encountered. The East Suffolk Society was established in 1811, when he was appointed one of the Secretaries, in which office he continued till the year 1864, when he resigned from failing health. He frequently took the chair at Anniversary Meetings, when his speeches were well delivered and much to the purpose. He often addressed the youthful part of his audience,

exhorting them to come forward and promote the circulation of the Scriptures. J. T. S. was a great friend to education and was an early subscriber to many institutions for the instruction of the rising generation.

Few now remain who remember him in early life, but the following remarks give some idea of the warm interest those who knew him best took in his society. One who recollects his social gatherings states,—that “he was always much given to hospitality. On such occasions besides his own intellectual conversation, he would always come stored with some piece of poetry, some information new and valuable, some book which, as in those days books were comparatively scarce, was a boon not to be lightly prized, and above all, he always led the conversation to some point of profitable instruction, not only for this, but for another world; and to know that J. T. Shewell would be present was to young Friends a guarantee that the meeting would be a satisfactory one. When J. J. Gurney’s work “On the Peculiarities of Friends” was published, it was proposed by the junior members at Ipswich that a meeting for reading it socially should be held at the houses of Friends. At these gatherings, into which our dear J. T. S. entered with heart

and hand, he took a most active part; his observations, remarks, and at the close of the evening, his supplications were such as to exercise an influence on his hearers. In the mind of the writer they will ever live with thankful feelings for the great privilege of being present at them."

In the year 1829 after recovering from a long and dangerous illness during which all hope of his restoration to health had been relinquished, J. T. S. was recorded a minister in our Society. His communications were much appreciated, being "with grace seasoned with salt" to the tendering of the hearts of his hearers, to whom he endeavoured to preach "the unsearchable riches of Christ." He was a diligent attender of meetings for discipline, saying that his arrangements in business were made subservient to his Lord's service, and not to prevent his dedication thereto. The same feeling caused him very constantly to be seen at the meeting in the middle of the week. He was mostly present at our Yearly Meetings, where he was upon several occasions placed on appointments to visit various parts of England.

On retiring from active business he left the town and resided in the vicinity of Ipswich,

devoting himself to benevolent and useful pursuits. In 1833 he married Elizabeth, the only daughter of Jonathan and Susanna Peckover, of Wisbeach, and gave up his share in the concern he had been interested in from his youth, to make way for others, desiring to be a good steward, both of his time and means.

In the commencement of 1864, J. T. Shewell was attacked by an illness which for a time entirely prostrated him; from this he gradually recovered so far as to be able to walk with help, and occasionally to attend the meetings held on First-day mornings, greatly regretting his inability to be present a second time. He mostly addressed the congregation, evincing his remarkable memory by his correct quotations of Scripture passages. His circle at home was often edified by his prayers and exhortation after the usual Scripture readings. Some of his expressions have been written down by a kind niece, whose attentions were very soothing to him.

To her he said, "It will not do to deceive ourselves at any time; my heart is full of prayer, 'God be merciful to me a sinner;' and my trust is in Jesus alone." He then alluded to the well-known hymn, "There is a fountain filled with

blood," &c., and he slowly repeated it, stopping at each verse. At another time, "What a beautiful text that is, 'I waited patiently for the Lord,'" and repeating the 9th and 10th verses of the 40th Psalm, he remarked, "They seem quite the minister's text and acknowledgment. It is very sweet to think of them, and I have remembered the words of one who had a large measure of experience granted him—

'I'd preach as though I ne'er should preach again;
I'd preach as dying unto dying men.'

I think one of my great mistakes has been, through the long course of my life, looking too much to myself and my own imperfect doings and shortcomings, and too little to Jesus, who is the rock, the strength, and the believer's crown. When I was young this was not shown to me in the fulness that it is now, and I had little help from the counsel of others. It is a blessed change now."

"'There is balm in Gilead,' has often been my concern in health to repeat to my auditors, and to set forth that why the health of the daughters of my people was so little restored, was our reluctance to come to the Great Physician there; and now in the days of weakness I can say from experience, 'There is balm in Gilead,' and I long

that we may all come and be healed, and cleansed from all sin. I wish to mark that I have no righteousness of my own in which I can trust, mine is only 'filthy rags;' and if, when on the banks of Jordan, I am permitted through abounding mercy to put up the prayer of the poor publican, I shall consider it as the greatest blessing of my life, and so to enter that rest purchased by my Saviour's blood for sinners like me, where there is perfect joy and peace. I wish also to say that long as my illness has been, painful and suffering, all has been in mercy, and I have been brought to feel nearer to my Heavenly Father through His chastening hand; and no one pain or suffering has been too much, but each has brought its blessing, and will shine forth to His praise. I do thankfully believe in the light of eternal love; I do gratefully acknowledge that, long and trying as my illness has been, the blessing of untiring patience and kindness in all those around me has been a comfort beyond all I could have thought; and I should like them to know how much their endeavours have mitigated even the severest trials."

The beloved invalid passed through last winter more favourably than was expected, bearing his extreme debility with exemplary resignation,

generally coming down stairs, and sometimes attending meetings. He enjoyed listening to reading. His memory continued remarkably good; and when asked to do so, he would repeat hymns and long pieces of poetry with great accuracy. In the Fifth month he was at the Monthly Meeting at Woodbridge; soon after which, by his own desire, he went to Dovercourt, to try if the sea breezes would invigorate him, and remove the acute pains in his head from which he had long suffered. No benefit being derived after two weeks' tarriance, and having lost all appetite for food, he returned home to his residence at Rushmere.

On his last First day, his brother Joseph visiting him previously to going to Ipswich, took a message of love to be conveyed to the assembled Friends there, and J. T. S. faintly said, "I am like Pilgrim in the Progress, I feel the bottom." That evening he was vocally engaged in fervent prayer, in which the words "Lord" and "Jesus" only were distinguished. One who was watching him addressed him as "resting in Jesus," he pressed her hand in answer, and continued the pressure some time. He was quite aware of his declining state; and the next day, about twelve o'clock, his servant entering, J. T. S. opened his

eyes, beckoned him to come near, and with the most joyous, animated expression said, "I am dying," and then closed his eyes, which he never opened again.

About three hours afterwards he quietly passed away, leaving on the minds of those who watched him the consoling assurance that through redeeming love he had entered into that rest which remaineth for the people of God.

CAROLINE SIMMS, 17 8 4 mo. 1866
Finchingfield, Essex. Daughter of Josiah and
 Hannah Simms.

WILLIAM SIMPSON, 71 19 5 mo. 1866
Melksham.

MARGARET SLEE, 87 28 2 mo. 1866
Strickland Monthly Meeting. Widow of Geo.
 Slee.

REBECCA SMAILES, 91 10 11 mo. 1865
Scarborough. Widow of Gideon Smailes.

HENRY SMITH, 71 29 1 mo. 1866
Seacomb, near Liverpool.

JOHN ALEXANDER SMITH, 25 20 4 mo. 1866
Stoke Newington.

WILLIAM SOUTHALL, 68 16 3 mo. 1866
Birmingham. An Elder for more than 20 years.

MARTHA SPRIGGS, 88 31 1 mo. 1866
Worcester. Widow of William Spriggs.

HANNAH STANDING, 55 7 3 mo. 1866
Charlwood, near Ifield. Wife of John Standing.

JOSEPH STEPHENS, 64 27 2 mo. 1866
Thornbury, Gloucestershire.

Joseph Stephens, though not recorded as a minister, was often heard acceptably in our meetings for worship. The illness which terminated his life was a long and suffering one; and it was deeply instructive to mark, as the end drew near, how his spirit rose above the infirmities of the flesh. He felt that his Saviour was near, keeping him in perfect peace, with his mind stayed on Him, enabling him to realize, as he once remarked—the power of that Gospel he had preached to others.

JOSEPH WILLIAM STEPHENS, 1 22 11 mo. 1865
Falmouth. Son of John and E. Stephens.

MARGARET F. STEPHENS, 32 14 5 mo. 1866
Dublin. Wife of Albert Stephens.

DEBORAH STERRY, 94 1 5 mo. 1866
Hertford. Widow of Joseph Sterry.

HENRY MARTYN STEVENS, 6 28 11 mo. 1865
Lower Clapton. Son of Edwin H. and Mary B. Stevens.

JOHN STEWART, 51 10 10 mo. 1865
Earls Colne, late of Croydon.

JOSEPH STICKNEY, *Hull.* 74 30 6 mo. 1866

HANNAH STRETCH, JUN.	23	17	12 mo.	1865
<i>Penketh.</i> Daughter of the late Joseph Stretch.				
ESTHER STURGE,	81	20	8 mo.	1865
<i>Northfleet, near Rochester.</i>				
THOMAS STURGE,	79	14	4 mo.	1866
<i>Northfleet, near Rochester.</i>				
MARGARET STURGE, <i>Bath.</i>	93	10	7 mo.	1866
MARY SYKES, <i>Ackworth.</i>	39	20	1 mo.	1866
ABRAHAM TANNER,	76	3	1 mo.	1866
<i>Winthill, near Sidcot.</i> An Elder.				
MARY TATHAM, <i>Leeds.</i>	58	7	9 mo.	1865
ELIZABETH THOMPSON,	82	1	3 mo.	1866
<i>Peartree Hill, Co. Down.</i> Widow of James Thompson.				
JOHN THOMPSON,	85	20	12 mo.	1865
<i>Kendal.</i> An Elder.				
MARGARET THOMPSON,	12	7	2 mo.	1866
<i>Studholme, near Wigtown.</i> Daughter of Josiah and Hannah Thompson.				
DAVID THORP, <i>Hull.</i>	74	1	10 mo.	1865
LOUISA TODHUNTER,	75	29	10 mo.	1865
<i>Dublin.</i> Widow of Isaac Todhunter.				
MARY TOWARD,	69	21	3 mo.	1865
<i>Newcastle-on-Tyne.</i> Wife of William Toward.				
WILLIAM EDWARD TURNER,	6	28	5 mo.	1866
<i>Southport.</i> Son of William E. Turner.				
SARAH TYLER,	67	29	3 mo.	1866
<i>Peckham.</i> Widow of Hayward Tyler.				

MARY TYLOR,	78	19	4 mo.	1866
<i>Stamford Hill. Widow of Henry Tylor.</i>				
RACHEL VENTRISS,	79	17	2 mo.	1866
<i>Darlington.</i>				
JAMES VICKERS,	72	23	10 mo.	1865
<i>Nunthorpe, near Ayton.</i>				
SAMUEL WALKER,	65	13	3 mo.	1866
<i>Carlton, near Pontefract.</i>				
THOMAS WALKER,	57	31	12 mo.	1865
<i>Ullock. A Minister.</i>				
LUCINDA JANE WALLACE,	66	3	4 mo.	1866
<i>Drumcondra, Co. Dublin.</i>				
ROBERT WARDER, <i>Croydon.</i>	35	3	12 mo.	1865
ALBERT BOOTH WATERFALL,	21	24	10 mo.	1865
<i>Leeds. Son of John S. and Sarah Waterfall.</i>				
JOHN WATSON,	51	22	9 mo.	1866
<i>Newcastle-on-Tyne.</i>				
MARY WATSON,	86	10	7 mo.	1866
<i>Saltaire, near Bradford. Widow of William Watson.</i>				
HANNAH WEAVER, <i>Kendal,</i>	75	16	3 mo.	1866
THOMAS W. WEBSTER,	31	10	6 mo.	1866
<i>Dramlin, near Moyallen.</i>				
MORRIS WERE,	65	11	10 mo.	1865
<i>Moorlands, Southampton.</i>				
MARY WEST, <i>York.</i>	76	22	12 mo.	1865
ELIZABETH WHEELER,	20	5	mo.	1866
<i>Regent's Park, London. Age not given.</i>				

WILLIAM WHITBURN, 90 8 3 mo. 1866

Falmouth.

ANN FENWICK WHITE, 63 2 5 mo. 1866

Hampstead. Widow of Edward White,

SARAH WHITE, 80 15 4 mo. 1866

Muckamore, County Antrim.

ANNE WHITFIELD, 28 24 4 mo. 1865

Killatee, County Cavan.

Anne Wilson was the daughter of John and James Wilson, of Grange, and was married on the ninth month of 1862 to John Whitfield, of Killatee. Of a very open and cheerful disposition and affable in her intercourse with all, she was much beloved and respected by those who knew her.

She was very thoughtful about a future state and mindful of her allegiance to her Heavenly Father. "Very often," her husband says, "I have found her in some secluded part of the house pouring out her soul before the Lord. She would often impress upon my mind the necessity of seeking first the kingdom of God and His righteousness, believing that all things necessary would be added." From the time of her receiving a visit from an English friend who was visiting families in that neighbourhood, and who spoke to her very pointedly on the uncertainty of life,

though she was then in usual health, she would often speak of her departure from this world.

About six months after this visit A. W. shewed symptoms of pulmonary consumption, and as her health began to decline she applied for medical advice. On the Doctor perceiving a cheerfulness in her manner not common with persons in her precarious state, he thought it his duty to tell her plainly the nature of her complaint and the improbability of her recovery. She received this intelligence with calmness and composure, and from that time, fifteen months previous to her death, she had no expectation of recovery.

About two months before the close she committed her husband and her dear little boy to the protection of the Lord, and turned her mind altogether from the things of this world to that into which she was so soon expecting to enter. "One day," her husband writes, "when I was sitting beside her, she remarked that some time ago she wept over her past transgressions, but now all tears were dried up, and she alluded to a portion of Scripture she had read which gave her great comfort." After this, knowing that "her peace was made with God through Christ, her risen Lord," she spoke to those of her own house,

and those who came to see her of "the goodness of God to her through Christ Jesus."

On First-day evening, the day before her death, many of her friends coming to see her, and the Doctor also coming, she asked how long he thought she might be here, for she wished to bid her friends a final farewell. On hearing his opinion she expressed her resignation to the Lord's will; and her calmness and willingness to leave this world was such, that the Doctor remarked he had never seen the like before. She then took an affectionate leave of her friends.

"A few hours before her close" we again quote her husband's words, "on my asking her how she felt respecting eternity, she said, 'All tears are dried up, and all fear taken away, but, oh! how it would have been with us if we had been more frequently asking such questions.'" She talked but little afterwards, but during a period of great suffering which ensued was continually in prayer to her Heavenly Father to have mercy on her a poor sinner, and if it were His will to allay her pains. They soon abated, and she quietly and peacefully passed away.

ALICE WIGHAM, *Rathmines*. 1 17 10 mo. 1865

Daughter of Henry Wigham.

JOHN WILCOCKSON, 66 14 3 mo. 1866

Fulwood, near Preston.

EDWARD WILLIAMS, 58 14 9 mo. 1866
Birmingham.

MARY ANNE WILLIS, *Bedale.* 52 7 4 mo. 1865
A Minister. Wife of Thomas Willis, Jun.

It is sometimes both interesting and instructive to trace the course of those who, not having had the early training and educational advantages common among Friends, did not become acquainted with their Christian principles and practices till after they had attained their majority; but were afterwards led, on conviction, to adopt them as their own; and enabled, through many difficulties and discouragements, to gain a position of Christian usefulness in the Society, and finally close their earthly career in the faith and hope, the peace and joy, of the Gospel.

In presenting the readers of the *Annual Monitor* with the following account of Mary Anne Willis, as an instance of this kind, it will be seen that the materials and data for this sketch are almost entirely derived from extracts from her own memoranda. Whilst, in order not to lessen the characteristic interest and value of the whole, there has been no attempt to eliminate from these every expression that may not comport with the matured judgment of the advanced Christian, it must not be supposed that all the sentiments

contained in them, or implied by some of the expressions used, are such as it would be safe to admit as indiscriminately approved.

And it must always be borne in mind whilst reading an auto-biography of a soul's spiritual progress, especially during an important transition period, that the early details often describe a state, though in advance, perhaps, of what has been passed, yet far behind that which is ultimately reached. Nor must it be forgotten that there are "diversities of operations," though "it is the same God who worketh all in all;" and it would, therefore, be very unwise, and perhaps dangerous, for any who are just entering upon the Lord's service, to expect that in such matters their experience would exactly tally with that of any one else.

Mary Ann Willis was born at Woolwich, in 1813. Her parents were members of a Congregational body of Christians. In the memoranda alluded to, she thus speaks of some of her early days:

"My childish hours were often employed in trying to imagine time without an end, an effort, to grasp the meaning of the words, 'For ever,' which I saw on the top of a tract.

"I was so young and literal in my notions that

I used to squeeze into a closet, which would scarcely hold me, in order to pray.

“I felt deeply the value of the soul, and sometimes wished that I had not got one. I read the Scriptures much and believed there were but two states after death. ‘What must I do to be saved?’ was my cry, and a tender mother now in heaven had but little idea how precious to her child were those views of the Saviour which she sought to impress on my mind. I prayed earnestly that God would give me the witness of His Spirit, and through seas of discouragement my soul said, ‘I will go in unto the King, and if I perish, I perish there.’

“Those precious words, ‘Him that cometh unto me, I will in no wise cast out,’ were often my only refuge, my only reply to conscience or to Satan, my only plea at the throne of God.

“It happened on one occasion that an old lady who resided with us and with whom I slept, had gone to bed in usual health, and had about midnight conversed with me, and made no complaint of feeling unwell. In the early morning, I was awakened by a knock at the head of the bed, which was repeated three times and struck a most undefinable terror into me, so that I crept under the clothes and went to sleep, as it

were from fear of being awake, without the least apprehension of death being then so near. Yet so it proved, for on awaking from this terror-stricken sleep, — lay a corpse at my side.

“At the age of sixteen, I made a public profession of faith in Christ, by the baptism of immersion. This step, about which I had prayed for two or three years, was to me the beginning of sorrow. My connection with that church led to an acquaintance with an individual who soon became more than the light of day to me. I do not know how it is, but I then and now find, a sort of throne in my mind on which something must be placed. God had hitherto occupied this throne and a creature now filled it. When I attempted to pray, the words ‘I am a jealous God,’ met me like a two-edged sword. I resolved to hold fast my idol whatsoever might be the consequence, and thus I went on till (‘Behold the goodness and severity of God’) a person told me of some attention paid by my idol to one I had heard him mention. Oh! I shall never forget the agony of that hour, and the desperate recklessness with which I made the resolution never to speak to him again.”

Some years after this she says she “heard of a minister named Alexander John Scott, who

with a few persons that had followed him on his retirement from the Scotch Church, met to worship God by expression or silence, as they believed themselves led by the Spirit of the Lord." In connection with this she remarks :

"They were all perfect strangers to me, but my desire to attend their meetings induced me to seek them out in 1835, and request them to allow me to meet with them. I found any were welcome who chose to attend. The meetings were solemn, making one feel that God is a Spirit, and they that worship Him must worship in spirit and in truth.

"My mind was led from shadow to substance, until, in the the latter end of the year 1838, dear —— put into my hand 'Joseph John Gurney on the Distinguishing Views of Friends,' and 'George Fox.'

"I was at this time in very trying circumstances. My father had just married again. My stepmother began to exert her authority by opposing my attending A. J. Scott's meetings. These I would not give up.

"I had no resources of my own, knew no business, and had lived a very secluded life. My father took a cottage for three-quarters of a year for me, in which time he expected me to make

up my mind. I told no one of my situation except dear —, and at the end of five months I could see no way.

“But my faith was strengthened to wait for Him who heareth the young ravens when they cry, and to believe, while I looked at the grass of the field, that He would much more clothe me.

“On the 24th of Twelfth month, 1838, I attended a Friends’ Meeting for the first time, saw Hannah Backhouse and heard her preach, and in the evening saw Cornelius Hanbury. In the last week but one of the time given me by my father, I received a kind letter from Hannah Backhouse, expressing her willingness to take me into her house at Darlington. My dear friends, Elizabeth and Cornelius Hanbury, arranged everything for me; and encouraged me still to trust and not be afraid, for in the Lord Jehovah is everlasting strength.”

During her residence at Darlington she writes:

Darlington, Seventh month, 14th, 1839. “What a coming to the light has the silence of this morning’s meeting been to me—more searching than any sermon I ever heard. Silent worship appears to me a most striking, yet most natural acknowledgment of the presence of the invisible Jehovah. My mind is in a strange state about

Friends. I feel forbidden to read their writings, or consult any of them ; but as I follow the pure principle within, I find it leads me into the same paths which they tread.

“ While waiting upon God, I felt a powerful call to go to the room of one of the servants who is sick. After much conflict, and trying in vain to get my message beforehand, I went, and while sitting in silence beside her, I felt directed to read, ‘ God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life,’ &c. The next evening I sat down beside her again. She soon said, ‘ I should like you to read again.’ This was an unexpected reward. They were enviable feelings with which I read to her, ‘ I am the resurrection and the life,’ &c. My tongue was loosed to speak to her of the importance of things unseen and eternal. She listened with attention and tears.”

Third month, 1st, 1840. “ The desire takes root in my soul that God would prepare me for the work, and then open for me a path of extensive usefulness among the poor. My soul yearns for them ; and when I ask for more faith and strength, God seems to say, ‘ *Use what thou hast among the poor, and prove me now herewith.*’ ”

Seventh month, 12th, 1840. "A day of agonizing conflict. The Lord seems to require me to utter in meeting words which for months have rested on my mind. It never will be well with me until I utter them; and yet I sit meeting after meeting asking for strength to rise, and yet suffer the meeting to close without doing so.

"I have been permitted to see that the fitting condition in which to minister remains the same in all ages, even in the weakness of utter self-renunciation; yet, made strong by living faith in the great Sacrifice once offered, my soul is made to cling more and more closely to this Sacrifice. Oh! to feel amidst a consciousness of daily sin, that the guilt of it hath been atoned for, and that that one offering hath perfected for ever them that are sanctified."

On being received into membership she remarks:

Ninth month, 20th, 1840. "I am now a *privileged responsible* member of the Society of Friends, and on looking back on the way God hath led me, I am encouraged still to trust and not be afraid."

Two months later she writes:

Twelfth month, 24th, 1840. "I felt my own views enlarged while speaking to a sick man of

the way of salvation. True progress, I know, consists not in the accumulation of knowledge, but in the faithful use of that which we have."

During a visit at Godmanchester, she makes the following memorandum in reference to her first speaking as a Minister of the Gospel:—

Godmanchester, Twelfth month, 29th, 1844.
"Not well enough to go to meeting. It is a cold comfortless little building, but it will be a memorable place to me, for there, on my first visit to it, Twelfth month, 22nd, were my bonds loosed. It is nearly five years since I felt it required of me to stand in the congregation of the people. But this has been met by the resisting nature, and the conflict has been terrible.

" 'The voice of the Lord is mightier than the noise of many waters, and it hath at length prevailed. But the *enabling power* was not in the thunder of that voice. It came in a gentle call, to which my soul said, 'Speak, Lord, Thy servant heareth.' And the mind of the Lord came a second time, saying, 'Say thou unto this people that thy spirit is exercised that they may individually know Christ, the Bread of Life, to be still present to support and nourish the two or three who gather together in his name.' I stood before the people. Of the result to them I know

nothing; to my own soul it has been perfect peace. Oh, that my ear and my mouth may be kept open."

Her health appears to have improved by change of residence, and, after spending some time at the sea-side, she writes in her diary :—

Fifth month, 20th, 1846. "The last ten months have been spent at Weston-super-Mare, with a view to the restoration of my health. This object is in a degree accomplished, and the means of a longer sojourn there being exhausted, I am again feeling very acutely my *homeless* circumstances. I left Weston three weeks ago to pay a visit of a few weeks here. My stay cannot be prolonged, as a visitor, and where to look or go, I see not. Oh, were it not for Him, who *has been* my help, what a burden would existence be! 'Our Father knoweth that we have need of these things.' Yet it is trying that year after year of my life should thus pass without any certain provision or abode. I am fed and lodged even as the birds of the air, but oh, not so free from care as they. O Thou who hearest the sighing of the prisoner, remember me! Let me bless Thee for *daily bread*. Why should I be anxious about the future?"

Fifth month, 21st, 1846. "Wonderful are the

ways of the Lord. He *doth* open rivers in the desert. This morning's post brought an invitation from my sister-in-law to take up my abode in their house during Yearly Meeting."

It does not appear under what circumstances the following memoranda were made :—

Fifth month, 3rd, 1848. "Speaking in meetings does not become more easy to me, either during the exercise or at the time of expression. Yet, if it be a requirement from above, I believe that I may say that I am willing to appear and to feel like a fool, if thereby the blessed cause of truth may be promoted."

Fifth month, 15th, 1848. "Am I sufficiently concerned and diligent in efforts to promote the good of others? Some appear to accomplish so much more in this way than I do. It is my calling to await the guidance of the cloud and the pillar, and as I am concerned to do this the God of Israel will bless me, and make me a means of blessing others."

Fifth month, 31st, 1848. "I did feel empty, empty — not a scrap to feed upon left — yet was there a sweet and precious assurance, that 'when I am nothing in myself then am I *close* to Thee.' But soon after taking my seat in meeting, the language presented to my

mind, 'Wherewith shall we come before God, or bow ourselves before the Most High God?' The meeting gathered into a solemn silence, and after passing through a deep exercise, I ventured to stand up. Very little was before me on rising, but soon words flowed as fast as I could utter them, sentence by sentence, without my knowing what would follow, or whether anything would. Eye hath not seen nor ear heard, but God hath and doth reveal to us this glory by His Spirit."

Sixth month, 6th. "Have been much tried since being thus favoured in meeting, with *evil thoughts* and a spirit of determination not to give place to some, who, in my judgment, act very selfishly and meanly. I do desire to remember that my present allotment has appeared to be of Divine ordering; and O, my Father! I do pray Thee, let me not kick against Thee. Keep me watchful and humble. Thou knowest how ready the Enemy is to sow tares among the wheat."

Eighth month, 12th. "My heart has been touched to-day by the remembrance of the LOVE of Christ to poor fallen man. What a self-sacrificing Love it was! He offered *Himself* for us. His life was a continual preference of the eternal interests of poor fallen man to his own ease or reputation amongst men. Surely, He

hath borne our griefs and carried our sorrows, yet He was esteemed as stricken, smitten of God, and afflicted."

Tenth month, 12th. "On the 4th of this month it was intimated to me that my services in this family were no longer required; and, homeless as I am, it felt hard, very hard. But ever blessed be His name—there is One who does care for the homeless ones, and again may I testify that 'His arm is not shortened that it cannot save, neither is His ear grown heavy that it cannot hear.' The pleasant prospect has opened before me of taking up my abode with my dear and highly-valued friends, Richard T. Foster and his wife. The latter is infirm and needing care, and I am to go and endeavour to supply the place of daughter to them both."

At her new place of residence she writes:—

Scarborough, Tenth month, 23rd. "Last Fifth day evening books lay beside me, but the inner word was, 'Read not, listen to me.' Books, however good they may be, are but as the tiny stream, while the inspeaking word is as the well of living water, springing up unto life eternal. On Sixth day I felt quite at liberty to read the same books which I had not freedom for on Fifth day. And I do desire to leave it on record that it is good—

unspeakably good and profitable—thus to bear the Lord's yoke."

First month, 1st, 1849. "Had I a voice like a trumpet, my soul feels full enough to lift it up, with 'Trust in the Lord at all times, ye people; pour out your heart before him. God is a refuge for us.'"

Fourth month, 12th. "I am reading Priscilla H. Gurney's Life. How fully can I respond to her account of the disappointment experienced by her on first partaking of the 'sacraments.'"

"On putting the bit of 'sacramental bread' into my mouth, the desire generally arose, 'So may my faith feed upon Christ.' But I *never did find* that this 'ordinance' was the means of increasing that faith which did feed on Christ, and hence the disappointment.

"For although like Priscilla Gurney, I had desired to partake of bread and wine, and to be baptized by immersion, from the belief that the observance of these things was obligatory on all who professed the Christian name, yet my soul hungered and thirsted for a deeper knowledge of Him who is the 'Bread of Life,' who came down from heaven and giveth life unto the world, and I was sorely disappointed that these observances which I had for so long desired to parti-

cipate in, did not feel to be the means of bringing me nearer to Him who is 'the way, the truth, and the life.' Often did I feel the danger of becoming a formalist. Praised, for ever praised, be that Power which hath brought me up out of the miry clay and set my feet upon a rock. Did those who have had an education in the Society of Friends but know their privileges, surely they would prize them more highly."

It was during her residence at Scarborough that she was recognised as a recorded minister, and for some years before her decease, she was not unfrequently engaged in the service of the Gospel in different parts of England, both in visiting the meetings of Friends, and in holding meetings with those not in unison with them. Some of the following memoranda allude to these labours of love :—

Dorking, Fifth month, 5th, 1859. "It is almost three years since the veil of death separated from me my dearest earthly friend, Richard T. Foster. The Lord, who was with him in death, has been with me in life, to sustain and to comfort, to guide and to strengthen, and now that my earthly support is gone, He hath given me a place in the affections and sympathies of many a household, so that although no

earthly thing is given me as a *possession*, yet every needful thing is given me by His unfailing providential care. Oh, what shall I render for this realization of the apostle's words, 'All things are yours—life or death—all are yours!'

Tenth month, 4th, 1859. "I have no earthly resting place or home. My heart often sinks within me. Oh, what comfort there is in the remembrance that He who intercedes for us above, was in *all* points tempted like as we are."

Liverpool, Ninth month, 17th, 1860. "I have within twenty-four days held nineteen public meetings, many of them in closed meeting-houses in Westmoreland and Cumberland, &c. In former years there have been wholesale disownments for 'marrying out' in these Dales, so that in some of the districts there are shut-up meeting-houses, and not a member left. But it feels to me that these scattered ones might be gathered up again. Truly, they are a warm-hearted people, and when we were gathered in that old place at Grisedale, the contriving power of the Lord's presence was so felt that many of the strong men bowed their heads and wept aloud. It was a stormy morning, and the road so difficult that men had to lift the carriage through gaps in the rough stone walls as we ascended the

hill, and when the horse could get no further, they took me out and spread rugs on a handbarrow and carried me over the Fell and set me down at the door of the house. Oh, my Heavenly Father, Thou hast indeed been unspeakably good to me. Thine has been the power and Thine be all the praise. My cup feels at times to run over with blessing."

London, Second month, 24th, 1861. "I have been enabled to fulfil the religious engagement for which I was liberated last year, having visited all the meetings of Friends within the compass of Lancashire and Cheshire, Cumberland, and Northumberland, and Westmoreland Quarterly Meetings, and have held forty-four public meetings, most of which have been largely attended, and were, I reverently believe, owned by the life-giving presence of the God of all grace. The people have a strong leaning towards the Society, but are scattered like unto sheep without a shepherd.

"They evidently need instrumental help, and would receive it freely and most gratefully. I trust the hearts of those who love the spreading of the truth may be turned in gospel love to this people. They came gladly to the meetings, many of them walking a number of miles to attend

them, and in some of these gatherings the felt power of the Lord was indeed over all, and I was enabled to declare amongst them the unsearchable riches of Christ.

“I feel the review of the state of our own meetings to be a serious one. There are large numbers who hear the word preached gladly. There are no inconsiderable number coming forward in the ministry of that word. Still there remains the old leaven of *traditional* religion, which must be wholly purged out before we can arise and shine as the redeemed of the Lord. I apprehend that as a professedly religious society, our safety and prosperity lies in our individual recurrence to the first principles of repentance toward God, and faith toward our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ; and I thankfully believe that the number of those who build their hope of life eternal upon that sure foundation is increased and increasing.

“And now turning to personal matters, truly I have been led as the blind by a way that I knew not. I was an utter stranger to the Dale Friends, but in passing through Wensleydale I met with one in whose spiritual condition I became deeply interested. A letter correspondence ensued, and has issued in our engagement to enter the closest

and holiest of all bonds, that of marriage. O God! Thou hast indeed dealt bountifully with me. When seeking the good of souls only, Thou hast bestowed upon me the precious gift of tender love, and hast opened before me the prospect of life-companionship with one whom I love and honour. Oh, be Thou our guide, even unto death!"

Charlbury, Fourth month, 24th, 1861. "A consciousness of sinfulness and unprofitableness bows my spirit low before Him who opens out paths of usefulness for me in so many places. Lord, help me. It is only by the in-dwelling power of Thy spirit that I can bring forth the fruits of righteousness that are acceptable unto Thee, or rightly use those openings for religious and social usefulness that Thou in Thy providence dost set before me."

Manor House, Carperby, Fourth month, 7th, 1862. "Under a deep sense of the faithfulness and loving-kindness of the Lord, do I once more resume this little record. It is more than six months since I came to my new home. In all the happiness of my new relationship, help me to remember my deep indebtedness to Thee, that so in joy as well as in former days of sorrow, my prayer may be unto Thee, and my song to the God of my life."

Sixth month, 16th, 1862. "We have read with much interest my dear brother Samuel Martin's address to the Congregational Union at their Annual Meeting this year. It is just published, under the title of 'Conformity and Nonconformity in 1862.' I thank the Father of Mercies who has given me such a brother, and pray that his bow may abide in strength, and that his path may indeed be as the light, brighter and brighter until the perfect day."

Seventh month, 21st. "Since our return from London we have held sundry public meetings. They were well attended, and I can thankfully say, 'I was brought low and the Lord helped me.' My heart is enlarged in Gospel love to the people of these Dales."

Twelfth month, 28th. "Oh for strength to turn away from all that is discouraging and painful, to Him who forgiveth the iniquities and reneweth the faith and love of His children."

Sixth month, 29th, 1863. "My dearest husband and his father are gone to Sunderland to attend the Quarterly Meeting. I am left (willingly) in charge of the stuff. The charge of the concerns of a farm-house is still such an amusing novelty that I am ready sometimes to question my identity."

Twelfth month, 10th, 1863. "Another year nearly gone. Shall I see the close of the next? I know not. Am I ready to die? I sometimes fear not. I want to feel nearer to God in spirit.

"Passing things take too great hold of my feelings. I need more of the mind of Christ in dealing with our servants."

First month, 18th, 1864. "The earnest longing of my soul is to know more and more of the height and depth, the length and breadth of God's redeeming love in Christ Jesus. Christ has been precious to my soul from early childhood, but I now want to lay hold of Him with an enlarged faith, to see Him as the power of God and the wisdom of God."

Sixth month, 28th, 1864. "My dearest husband is attending the Quarterly Meeting held at Newcastle. I have been unable to attend any meeting for the last six months, except our own little gathering at Carperby a very few times. Pain and weakness and great nervous suffering have been my constant portion, and I am in a critical state of health. *But the will of the Lord be done.* My spirit is brought very low, my heart and nerve faileth. Through all I have the love of a precious husband, for whose sake I sometimes feel that I should like to live a little longer. Not

that we are destitute of friends. No, the Lord has richly blest us in this respect; but the distances at which they live from us renders the intercourse but very occasional.

“And now, O Lord, look upon our needs. Look upon our many discouragements, and *arise* for our help, for Thy mercy and for Thy truth’s sake.”

In Tenth month, 1864, M. A. W. was recommended by her medical advisers to try a winter’s residence in the South of England, and with this intention she left her home on the 13th of Tenth month for York, with the intention of resting there for two or three weeks before proceeding further. Two days after her arrival in York she was taken alarmingly worse; and from that time to the time of her decease, was never able to sit up or have her clothes on. On the 24th, all by whom she was surrounded thought she could not survive beyond a few hours. Her sufferings were intense—but her mind was kept in perfect peace; so that even whilst passing through the furnace, her voice was lifted up in prayer and praise. She said that all her life long she had felt a shrinking from death, but now “all fear was taken away, under a sense of the boundlessness of the Saviour’s love.” She addressed all by whom she

was surrounded and earnestly pleaded with them to live for Christ; saying, "It has been my endeavour to serve Him in days of health and strength, and now, in my extremity, He doth not desert or leave me. 'The everlasting arms are underneath.'" She said to the doctors, "I want you to be Christian doctors. Oh, do live for Christ! In so doing you may do much for the good of the bodies of your patients; and your power of doing good in a spiritual sense will be unbounded."

Contrary to all expectation she again seemed to rally, and for several weeks afterwards hopes of her recovery were entertained. In Twelfth month she had a serious relapse; and towards the end, all these hopes seemed again to vanish. On the 27th a friend paid her a visit, and after praying by her bedside, she addressed him as follows: "I have *nothing* to rest upon but the mercy of God in Christ Jesus, and I *know* that that is a *sufficient foundation for human hope*; but I could not rest upon that mercy as trustfully and peacefully as I now do, but for some experimental knowledge of it. In early childhood I was led to flee for refuge, to lay hold of the hope set before us in the Gospel; and since then, notwithstanding manifold transgressions and shortcomings, that mercy has been manifested in the

renewed cleansing of the conscience by the sprinkling of the blood of Jesus, and by a renewal of desire to serve Him. And oh, this is what I long that Friends should come to know for themselves individually—that none of them should be resting in a knowledge of the scriptural *declaration* of the mercy of God in Christ Jesus; but that they should seek to *know that mercy*, as manifested in the renewings of the Holy Ghost, which is shed forth abundantly through Christ the Saviour.” She added, “My weakness is so great that I cannot remember many texts, but I feel the *Author* of *all* texts to be very near to me.” She afterwards referred to the duty of Elders in watching over those that were coming forward in the ministry—that whilst care was needed not to encourage a false growth, on the other hand it was also needed not to cast unnecessary discouragements in their way.

About this time she referred with feelings of satisfaction to a visit she paid to the families of Friends and attenders of meetings in Newcastle Meeting, in the spring of 1853. Speaking of the importance of working while it is day, she said, “Some thought it was not the right time, but I thought it was the *right time*; and if it had not been accomplished then, it *never* would have been

by me." On another occasion, when again brought very low, she alluded to the sense of her own unworthiness, and repeated the text, "Not by works of righteousness," &c., and said, "I always loved and often quoted that text in my ministry, and it feels so precious now." She then spoke of the feeling of inward peace that was mercifully granted.

She continued in much the same state of health for several succeeding weeks. At times she slightly rallied and again sunk very low, till towards the end of Third month, when an unfavourable change occurred, and on the night of the 24th, and morning of the 25th, it seemed as though the end was rapidly approaching. In the early morning an alarming sinking came on, and as her husband was holding her up in his arms, her eyes beamed with unearthly brightness, and she exclaimed, "*Nothing but peace—perfect peace!*" "Ah! there's a brightness—there's a glory; it is NOT a *dark valley*, I can see the *light beyond!*" "O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?" Contrary to all expectation she slightly revived, and for a few days seemed again to improve, until the 7th of Fourth month, when about eight o'clock in the morning the final attack came on, which was so severe,

that no power of expression remained; but on the afternoon of that day her happy spirit passed from the worn tabernacle.

HANNAH MARIA WHITWELL, 87 22 5 mo. 1866
Kendal. A minister.

When it has pleased our Heavenly Father to take to himself one of his children long and conspicuously of the household of Faith, is it not due to Him, to our blessed Saviour, and surviving friends, to preserve a record of some of those evidences of the effectual working of the Heavenly Power which have been to the praise of the Great Name?

In the case before us we feel that this query may be at once affirmatively answered. Our late friend H. M. Whitwell was for nearly sixty years a loved and honoured member of Kendal Meeting, admired for the beautifully correct fulfilment of her position as a wife and a parent; for about thirty-six years she was a minister of the Gospel.

Much account of her youthful days we cannot present. Solemn is the thought that every lip that might have spoken is silent, and every hand that could have written it has ceased to move. Impressions connected with her Christian walk for many years can, however, without difficulty be recalled. H. M. Whitwell was the daughter of

William and Jane Fisher of Leeds, and was born there in 1778. From her pious mother there is reason to believe that she, with her three lovely sisters, received, in example and precept, instructions which were largely blessed; Divine favour preserving them from many of the vanities in which some members of the family indulged, whilst their unvarying affectionate bearing kept the bond of sisterly influence unimpaired; a close intimacy with their maternal aunt, Sarah Hustler, (See "Piety Promoted," part ii., fo. 175) is also stated to have been, in the case of H. M., of lasting benefit. From this circle the subject of the present memoir was removed to Kendal, and to the endearing ties which awaited her in that new sphere, by her marriage, in 1806, to our late friend, Isaac Whitwell.

At all periods of her life engaging in person and manners above most, it was in the important position she now occupied that her true character became apparent. A sound and healthy mind, chastened by religious experience, was developed. She ruled her house with watchful diligence, but love was the power; and, having great facility in interesting the young, to spend the evening with their precious mother in improving reading, was the chief pleasure of her eight children. Amidst

duties, with joys and cares thus depicted, years wore away, and her beloved offspring advanced towards mature age. Her Christian experience increased, and with it her yearnings for the salvation of souls, under which, about the fiftieth year of her age, she apprehended herself called to the public preaching of the Gospel.

Her entrance upon this service for her Lord was attended with much mental exercise, but her call to the ministry was never doubted by the church; and it tended to the comfort of her friends. Still, in Divine wisdom, here was to be in some respects, a limited sphere of action. From her great delicacy, she was seldom able to leave home, and for several years moved but little beyond her own dwelling.

H. M. W. was not exempt from the trials of this probationary state. From youth to age she had to experience the solitudes usually abundant in large family circles. One of her daughters was called to leave her children in comparatively early life, and two sons died in the vigour of their days—but the effect of these provings are spoken of as very marked, so that of her it might be said—

“In affliction's fiery hour,
More bright the Christian's virtue glows.”

She became a widow in 1835, and soon after wrote as follows:—

“ My beloved Brother,

“ When in the family circle, I make an effort to enter into the conversation and engagements of my children, but in my solitary chamber a sense of my bereavement, a feeling that I am left behind to tread alone the last closing path of life; comes over me with a sorrow of heart which none ever know but those who have felt it—yet do not, my dear brother, imagine that my sorrow is as of one without hope. Oh, no! I have gratefully to acknowledge that at times my adorable Redeemer enables me to look through the surrounding gloom to those blessed mansions of peace and rest prepared for the redeemed of the Lord, where those to whom we have been bound by the tenderest of all ties are, we reverently trust, safely gathered; and Oh how consoling is the thought, that they are beyond the reach of sorrow—that temptations will no more assail them, but, in robes washed and made white in the blood of the Lamb, they will rejoice for evermore in the presence of the Lord. How unworthy of our regard does every earthly good appear when compared with those celestial blessings and privileges which are promised to the faithful in Christ Jesus! To be of the number of his followers, to be led by his blessed spirit, and to fight the good fight of faith, so that we may

finish our course with joy, is what my heart at this moment craves for thee, my dear brother, and myself."

Surviving the solemn event thus alluded to for thirty years, she lived to see and leave behind her in the relationship of children, grandchildren and great grandchildren, fifty-nine who might call her "mother," claiming her constant tender interest, and we have ample ground for believing, daily prayers. Seated in her chair, or laid upon her couch, she ever received her descendants, relations, and numerous friends with a loving welcome and the chastened smile of the aged Christian. Of a truly catholic spirit she had likewise all through life acquaintances amongst the wise and good of various religious denominations whose visits she much prized.

Little of interest passed in the family circle or the church, but chords tuned to friendship, love and spiritual exercise would evidently vibrate, leading to words of sympathy, kindness and action for relief.

She was much alive to the passing events of the day, and could follow the course of our national and European affairs from the time of her earlier reading to near the close of life, with a clear memory and strong perception, united to Christian views of the bearing of events. q

Preserved as a servant in waiting in the world, but yet above the world, she was still sensible of the infirmities of the flesh and advanced age, having been heard to say that she knew not why so long detained here, save for the sake of her children, yet always manifesting entire submission to the divine will. If our departed friend had at any time kept any memoranda of her religious experience, they appear to have been destroyed, with the exception of a few made near the close of life. We must therefore rely upon extracts from letters written at various times, for further insight into the experiences of the passing day. On her marriage with Isaac Whitwell commenced a correspondence with her sister, Rachel Pease, and her husband, our late friend Edward Pease, which, as will be seen, was terminated by his decease in 1858.

She had other beloved correspondents, but we quote from these letters only.

Fourth month, 9th, 1844. "To witness the parting of the immortal spirit from its earthly tabernacle, to know that we shall no more hear the voice which has so often conveyed comfort and pleasure, and that the eyes which were wont to beam upon us with sweet affection are closed for ever, is deeply proving to nature; but through grace I

have been mercifully enabled to look beyond the things which are seen, and to rejoice in the precious belief that my beloved sister has exchanged the trials and sorrows and sufferings of time for the joys of an endless life, through Him whom having not seen she loved and longed for, desiring to depart and be with Christ, yet with sweet submission waiting in patience her Lord's appointed time.

"I never witnessed in any a more unclouded hope—a more full assurance that a place was prepared for her in the heavenly mansions; and very earnest was her desire that all dear to her might meet her there.

"Her *hope* and *trust* were in the love and mercy of her dear Redeemer and his all-sufficient sacrifice, for very humble was the view which she took of herself.

"She often expressed what a poor unworthy creature she felt herself to be, and that it was through abounding mercy and love she was favoured to feel *such sweet peace*.

"Thus, my dear brother, one after another are the ties loosened which bind us to this scene of change and sorrow; a little while and we too shall follow, to be gathered, I trust, into the heavenly garner; and how consoling is the

thought of meeting in a higher and holier state of being, those beloved ones to whom we were bound in the tender bonds of love and Christian fellowship on earth.

“How animating is the hope of uniting with these and the innumerable company before the Throne in thanksgiving, adoration, and praise to Him whose goodness and mercy have followed us all our days, and whose love hath redeemed us even with the blood of the Lamb immaculate.”

Fifth month, 21st, 1844. “I long, yea, my very soul craves, that our religious society here and *everywhere* might be in a growing state, in real vital godliness; that through a closer abiding in Christ, the true vine, the virtue of the living sap may be more and more apparent, and the fruits of faith, righteousness, and holiness abound, to the praise of the great Husbandman.

“It is greatly to be feared that the world in various ways has a strong hold upon us as a people, and that the divine command to “Seek first the Kingdom of God and His righteousness; is not the governing and regulating object of life and yet how full is the assurance that if this were the case, all things needful would be added.

“Well, my beloved brother, with all our shortcomings and backslidings, the love and mercy of

Jehovah are still extended to us, and His gracious presence continues to be known amongst us, and a remnant is preserved in our Israel who can testify that He is God over all blessed for ever.

“Let us, then, with hearts deeply humbled and penetrated with a sense of His unfailing goodness, keep near the footstool of the Mercy Seat; and may we be enabled to pour forth the secret supplication in the name of Jesus, and seek His holy help for ourselves, our children, and our people.”

Fifth month, 17th, 1848. “Even to thee, my beloved brother, I cannot yet open the depths of my heart’s sorrow, or speak much of the blessed hope which, through Divine grace, sustains me amidst the conflicting waves.

“I feel as if I could only commune with my God, and pour out my mingled feelings at His sacred footstool. And oh! how gracious He is in bearing with my weakness and my tears.

“In His unfailing compassion He withholds not the healing balm, and speaks the words of consolation and hope to my afflicted soul. I am humbled as in the dust under a sense of His goodness to one so unworthy. Yes, my dear brother, like Job’s messengers, afflictions have quickly followed each other; but with Job I have

desired to say, "The Lord gave, the Lord hath taken away. Blessed be the name of the Lord."

Ninth month, 25th, 1848. "Thou wilt, my beloved brother, be ready to enquire how I am *faring* amidst these increasing trials. I may, in reverent gratitude, acknowledge the Lord is sufficient for them all.

"He continues to be a sure refuge, a strong tower, a *place of peace and rest*. Tribulations do abound, but consolations also abound. What more can I say but 'Thy will, O, my God, be done?' In eternity I shall see all has been ordered in *love*, for Thou art *love*.

"My feeble tabernacle has thus far been mercifully sustained amidst the storms and billows which pass over it; and whilst I can be of use to my children, I humbly trust this will continue the case; but *whenever* it may please our Heavenly Father to say 'It is enough,' O, may I in unutterable mercy be prepared, through the blood of sprinkling, to exchange this earthly tenement for a building of God—a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens."

Fifth month, 1849. "Lines more descriptive of my feelings than I can write:—

"Often the clouds of deepest woe
So sweet a message bear,

Dark tho' they seem, we cannot find
A frown of anger there.

"'Tis well to be thus weaned from earth,
'Tis well if we be driv'n,
By loss of every earthly stay
To seek our rest in heaven.

"Most loving is the hand that strikes,
However keen the smart;
If sorrow's discipline can chase
One evil from the heart.

"He was a Man of Sorrows—He
Who loved and saved us thus.
And shall the world that frown'd on Him
Wear only smiles for us?

"No! let us follow in the path
In which our Lord has run;
We would not seek our resting-place,
Where He we love had none."

Seventh month, 19th, 1851. "Very grateful it is to receive from thy own pen tidings of favoured health, and *above all* that in humble dependence on our merciful Redeemer and Intercessor, thou art enabled to rest in *that hope* which we have as an anchor of the soul both sure and stedfast, and which entereth into that within the veil. Praises be to His name which is above every name. He

will neither leave nor forsake those who trust in Him. In the valley of the shadow of death He will be with them. His rod and His staff will comfort them.

“I can fervently unite with thee, my beloved brother in the desire that we may be of the number of those to whom the fine linen pure and white is given ; not for any works of righteousness of our own, but for His sake who loved us, and gave Himself for us. When I look at myself and my shortcomings and missteppings, I feel unworthy of the least of my Lord's favours.

“Imperfection seems inscribed on all the years of my pilgrimage, but when in that faith which cometh from God, I look to my merciful and compassionate Saviour, and hear His words of love ‘Fear not, for I am with thee, be not afraid, for I am thy God &c., &c., how are doubts and fears laid at rest.’ I feel that ‘my Redeemer liveth,’ and all is peace and confiding filial trust.

“How precious is the privilege of having our resting place in a Saviour's love, and, feeling we are safe in His sheltering arms, how sweet are His words of promise, ‘As one whom His mother comforteth so will I comfort you, and ye shall be comforted.’”

First month, 23rd, 1852. “Thy note touchingly

alludes to the passing away of the old year, and the coming in of the new; it is a subject calculated to call forth very solemn feelings. The past, the present, and the future, the eternal future, are afresh brought before us, and very humbling to me is the review of *poor unworthy* self. Yes my beloved brother, it is indeed *all* of *mercy* through the merits and atoning sacrifice of our adorable Redeemer, that we are enabled to look in reverent, holy, childlike confidence, to a union with the Saints in Light."

Fifth month, 5th 1853. "When the first account of thy illness reached me, I felt as if I could not give up the hope of thy recovery; I had always looked to thy being my survivor, I fear selfishly so. Ten are left of those I have known and loved from my earlier life, and these are very dear to me, and I shrink from the thought of their being called away before me. But how precious is *that faith* which enables us through grace to believe that all who love the Lord Jesus will meet before the throne, and eternally praise Him who hath redeemed them with His own blood. My heart responds to the words in thy letter, 'May it be ours to meet *there*, where knowing or unknown, if our joy be full, nothing can be wanting.'"

Second month, 2nd, 1855. "It would be a great pleasure to see thee once more in time, but this is a privilege I must not expect.

"I can, however, mentally visit thee, and desire for thee all spiritual blessings, and I especially crave for thee and myself an entire resting in faith on our merciful Redeemer, rejoicing in Him, and trusting in Him for time and for eternity.

"We have both many tender ties to earth, sweet interests are around us—dear children and grandchildren, who love us, and whom we tenderly love; yet, whilst we gratefully enjoy these precious gifts, nothing short of the *Giver* can satisfy the longings of our souls. 'Whom have I in heaven but Thee, and there is none on earth which I desire besides (or in comparison of) Thee.' My flesh and my heart fail, but God is the strength of my heart, and (I trust will be) my *portion for ever*.

"Is not this, or something similar to this, not unfrequently the language of our hearts, my endeared brother! and, though we can see before us the shadows of the dark valley, yet we are enabled to hold fast our confidence in our Almighty Preserver and Saviour and to trust that through Him, the sting of death will be taken away, and that the grave will have no victory."

Seventh month, 26th, 1858. "Thou art often, I may say daily, in my remembrance, and I rejoice in hearing favourable accounts of thy health and of thy continued ability to enjoy thy multiplied blessings, and I thankfully believe the song of praise is often raised in thy heart, and thou canst speak of the unfailing goodness of God, who hath preserved in thee the covenant of His grace, and has proved to thee, through a long course of years, His loving kindness and tender mercies. And can we not, my endeared brother, both tell how He has graciously sustained our souls in faith and filial trust in Christ our Redeemer, so that amidst the tribulations of time and the infirmities of extreme age, we are enabled to wait in the patience of hope the coming of that hour, when it shall please Infinite Wisdom to set the immortal spirit free, to be ever with the Lord.

"The desire to see thee once more on earth must be relinquished, but how precious is the hope we are permitted to cherish that through the mercy and merits of our adorable Redeemer we shall meet again where there are no partings, no tears, no sorrow, but everlasting joy in the presence of God and of the Lamb. *Standing as it were, on the verge of time*, may we be more and

more weaned from things of earth, and through the daily renewing of the Holy Spirit, may our thoughts and affections be ever rising heavenwards."

This letter concludes the interchange of affectionate greeting and written words of cheer between these two aged disciples; it reached its destination when the recipient was indeed standing "on the verge of time." Edward Pease died in peace five days after it was written, in his 93rd year.

The reader will now be prepared for the following instructive record of her feelings when above 80 years of age, and for notes of two subsequent conversations with a grandson.

Sixth month, 14th, 1860. "What an unspeakable comfort it is to know where to flee to in times of difficulty and distress. Truly can I say, the Lord is my refuge; and Oh may He be my strength also, and enable me to bear in meekness and patience all that may yet await me. It has seemed good to Thee, my Heavenly Father, that I should drink of the waters of affliction; yea, and that faith should be tried as to a hands-breadth; but in Thy great mercy Thou hast not utterly forsaken me. Oh no; I can say with Thy servant David, 'I will

be glad and rejoice in Thy mercy, for Thou hast considered my tears—Thou hast known my soul in adversity.’”

Sixth month, 25th, 1860. “In looking through the long vista of past years, how many sad and mournful remembrances arise; but I desire to turn away from them, and in reverent gratitude of heart to dwell upon the countless mercies and blessings which I have received from my Heavenly Father. What shall I render unto Thee, O my God, for all Thy benefits towards me? Grant that through the renewings of the Holy Spirit, my heart may offer unto Thee continually the incense of prayer, thanksgiving, and praise! We read of wars and rumours of wars. Oh, when will that blessed day arrive when the sword shall be turned into the ploughshare and the spear into the pruning-hook? It may be far distant, but assuredly it will come, for the word of the Lord shall not fail. Trusting in that word, I am enabled through grace to look beyond the conflicting waves of the ocean of life to that heavenly rest in which the gathered ones in Christ their Redeemer shall for ever rejoice in His presence, and anthems of thanksgiving and praise shall ascend before the Throne of God and of the Lamb for evermore.”

“The eventful day of my dear grandson’s marriage. My thoughts are much with him and his dear——. May the Lord bless them, and have them in His holy keeping, and give them abundantly of His grace, to enable them to fulfil their new relations in life to His praise.

“Yea, O my God, do Thou cause them to renew their covenants with Thee, and enable them in childlike faith and obedience to glorify Thee in their body and in their spirits, which are Thine; and in their daily life bring forth the fruits of faith, to the praise of their Lord and Saviour.”

The following are memoranda by her grandson:—

“On one occasion, after meeting, mention was made of an address, wherein those present were counselled to examine themselves, and renew their covenant with God—surprise at the same time being expressed that one so aged as this Friend should have spoken as requiring what was reasonable and necessary enough for the young, but would appear unnecessary for one of his long Christian experience and great age. ‘No, my dear, not so; it is what I do every day. I take those words of my loving Saviour, ‘Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.’ ‘Blessed are they that mourn, for

they shall be comforted.' 'Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth.' And with extraordinary clearness of memory she repeated the verses, 'Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God.' Thou knows them, my dear? When I think of these, and then think of the infinite holiness of God, I cannot but feel my own unworthiness, and that all my trust is stayed on my Saviour. No! however long thy life may be spared, thou wilt find the abundant need to cry to Him who is mighty, from day to day, for the clean heart. 'Create in me a clean heart, O, God! and renew a right-spirit within me.'"

"On another occasion, a few months after the severe attack in the spring of 1864, a period occurred, thought by the medical men to portend death. Sitting by her bed-side, I read to her the account of Christian's entry into the heavenly city, which she said she thought came far short of what she conceived heaven would be, for she said, 'They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more; neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat. For the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and shall lead them to living fountains of waters, and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes.' I then asked her what were her feelings in the

immediate presence of death, on the occasion above referred to.

“‘My dear,’ she said, ‘the one thought of seeing my Saviour, whom I have loved so long, was bliss and happiness unutterable to me, and filled me with such joy as to take away all thoughts of death. I thought I was going soon to be for ever with my Saviour, and death was swallowed up in life; and then it was given me to understand that it was not to be yet, but that I must return to the earth for a season. This was so painful to me that I was filled, I will not say with repining, but with regret at the thought that I was to return to this world of sorrow and pain; and then I heard the doctors say that there was hope, and I returned again to earth for a season. But,’ she added, impressively, ‘I know that my Heavenly Father doeth all things well, and that He has some lesson to teach me; and I try to know that His ways are for the best, and to see His hand in everything.’

“She also said that death had no sting for her, for during the long, silent hours of the night she felt her dear Saviour was near her; that she looked on it only as a change—a welcome change—whenever her Heavenly Father should see fit to send for her; and she knew that Jesus

would be with her in the valley, and would guide her to the other side. The constant presence of the Saviour seemed a source of great delight and happiness to her, and she was ever looking to the time of her release—waiting for the summons; and on one occasion said that she felt all the ties that had bound her to earth were loosened, and nothing but her affection for her dear children and grandchildren seemed to keep her from longing for the call to leave the earth.

“She often concluded with, ‘I only want to know the will of my Heavenly Father, to know my will abased before His will, and feel sure that He has something to teach me in keeping me here—some more lessons for me to learn.’”

Such is the description given of the inmost feelings of this handmaid of the Lord, when she supposed herself about to enter into His presence. It was the will of Infinite Wisdom that this should be a little delayed. When the hour did arrive there was no power of expression, perhaps no consciousness—but oh, happy thought, the preparation remained, and she quietly passed into the presence of Infinite Purity, clothed, we may rejoicingly believe, in the spotless robe of her Saviour’s righteousness!

At the close of a long life, during which she

had attributed all to the pardoning love of God through the blood of the Lamb; praising her Lord for the gift of His sanctifying, supporting, and directing spirit—her Comforter; may we not regard her as another animating example of what it is to be created anew in Christ Jesus, kept by the power of God unto salvation, and finally made a partaker in the Saviour's assurance, "He shall gather the wheat into His garner?"

JAMES WILSON, *Bradford*. 73 6 2 mo. 1866

LYDIA WOOD, *Chelmsford*. 79 6 3 mo. 1866

MARTHA WOOD, *Birkenhead*. 60 22 7 mo. 1866

Wife of Joshua Wood.

MARY WOOD, *Sunderland*. 72 18 1 mo. 1866

Widow of Joseph Wood.

WILLIAM WORMALL, 74 25 2 mo. 1866

Carlton, near Skipton.

AMELIA WRIGHT, *Dublin*. 73 17 5 mo. 1866

RICHARD WRIGHT, *Cork*. 36 18 5 mo. 1866

Son of the late Thomas Wright.

ANNE YOUNG, *Taunton*. 82 29 1 mo. 1866

An Elder.

TABLE.

Shewing the Deaths, at different Ages, in the Society of Friends, in Great Britain and Ireland, during the Years 1863—64, 1864—65, and 1865—66.

AGE.	YEAR 1863—64.			YEAR 1864—65			YEAR 1865—66.		
	Male.	Female	Total.	Male.	Female	Total.	Male.	Female.	Total.
	17	11	28	18	19	37	14	17	31
Under 1 year*	30	23	53	24	31	55	18	31	49
Under 5 years	8	7	15	7	2	9	2	3	5
From 5 to 10 "	2	1	3	2	4	6	4	6	10
" 10 to 15 "	2	4	6	11	4	15	3	8	11
" 15 to 20 "	12	16	28	10	16	26	9	16	25
" 20 to 30 "	7	12	19	6	10	16	10	8	18
" 30 to 40 "	11	7	18	4	9	13	6	6	12
" 40 to 50 "	13	12	25	13	22	35	14	20	34
" 50 to 60 "	17	39	56	27	30	57	29	27	56
" 60 to 70 "	23	34	57	32	41	73	40	34	74
" 70 to 80 "	15	26	41	16	29	45	14	26	40
" 80 to 90 "	3	6	9	2	4	6	1	6	7
" 90 to 100 "	143	187	330	154	202	356	150	191	341
All Ages									

*The numbers in this series are included in the next, "under 5 years."

Average age in 1863—64, 48 years, 5 months, and 9 days.

Average age in 1864—65, 49 years, 3 months, and 24 days.

Average age in 1865—66, 51 years, and 26 days.

Chequer Alley:

A Story of

Successful Christian Work.*

IN occupying a few spare pages of the *Annual Monitor* with extracts from this interesting little book, it is hoped that the striking illustrations it contains of the power of Divine grace to restore to the image of God those who seem most hopelessly to have fallen from it, and to assist the Christian labourer to persevere under the most discouraging circumstances, may prove a word in season at the present time.

The attempt has been simply to give a few graphic pictures—not to detail the steps by which the results have been obtained.

In order properly to understand the story, and learn its deep lessons, the book itself should be read.

* Hamilton, Adams, and Co., Paternoster Row. Price 1s. 6d.

Chequer Alley.

IN the year 1841, an intelligent woman in humble life began to ask herself, How may I best employ my spare time and my natural gifts for Christian usefulness? A sorrowful event in her personal history had been the means of rousing her to a solicitude for her own spiritual interests. She had suddenly woke up as from a deadly stupor, had penitently sought and obtained redemption through the blood of Christ, even the forgiveness of sins; and now, in the first fresh fervour of love to Him in whom she believed, and under a newly-awakened sense of obligation to advance His honour by consecrating her powers to the purposes of His grace, she submissively inquired, "*Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?*"

This question was not long undecided. A work loudly demanding Christian effort, yet hitherto strangely neglected, lay immediately before her; and applying herself to it under a firm conviction

of duty, she resolved, as Providence should favour her, to prosecute it with unswerving diligence and fidelity. For a quarter of a century she has now been toiling quietly, patiently, and successfully on the same ground: not single-handed, however, for moved by her example, others have been associated with her in larger or smaller numbers from the first; but always as the foremost, most active and constant labourer. With diminished bodily vigour, but with unabated zeal, she still carries on her work, honoured and beloved by all who know her. Still earning her daily bread with her own hands, and still devoting the evenings of the week and several hours of the Sunday to the benevolent and godly ends she has so long sought to accomplish.

The form of Christian activity which seemed to Miss Macarthy, the prime agent in the scenes and successes about to be described, the most suitable to her ability and means, was the visitation of the poor and degraded in their own abodes by the aid of tract distribution; and of the localities around her, none seemed so loudly to call for the benefit of such visitation as Chequer Alley. Under this impression, she applied to the Secretary of the Tract Society connected with

the Wesleyan Chapel, City Road, to be enrolled as an accredited distributor, and to have a part of Chequer Alley allotted to her as her district. Yet at that time how little did she foresee the extensive influence for good of which this act was to be the origin !

Chequer Alley is the name of an irregular avenue leading from Bunhill Row to Whitecross Street, having multitudinous blind and semi-blind courts branching out from it right and left. Together with its associated parallel alleys and courts, it forms a district which has for its four sides Coleman Street, with the Friends' Burial Ground, on the north; Chiswell Street on the south; Bunhill Row on the east; and Whitecross Street on the west; and comprises a population of about 15,000 souls. Thus shut in from the public eye, Chequer Alley, with its network of connected alleys and courts, has been for many years the privileged refuge of the outcast and degraded; the haunt of intemperance, dissoluteness, and crime; a sort of lodgment for many of the waifs and strays that float on the great sea and wander about the broad ways of London life. The bulk of its residents are at this day as completely separated in their habits and characters from the well-conditioned people with whom you

are accustomed to associate, as are the inhabitants of an African kraal. They live together, a whole family in a single room, which serves for sleeping and all other purposes; their furniture scanty; their food coarse, precarious, and insufficient; their children growing up around them amidst sights and sounds which tend to deaden all their moral sensibilities, to develope the vilest passions of their nature, and to render self-respect an impossibility. Many of them subsist on the wages of iniquity; many more by daily and habitual theft.

Both physically and morally the whole locality was at that time as degraded as can well be conceived. It was a vast social wilderness, the haunt of the lowest and most lawless; the most respectable in rank among them being scavengers, sweeps, and rat-catchers.

Could nothing, then, be done to improve their condition? Were they to be abandoned to live and die in darkness and guilt, as if beyond the reach of the Gospel itself? Or, if none can be too deeply fallen for the Gospel to raise, was it not a most sacred and absolute duty to bring them under its influence? Did not the example and the injunctions of Christ, and the spirit and

purpose of Christianity, render it supremely obligatory to seek in order to save these that were so utterly lost? Yet here were thousands of human creatures, associated within the sound of the "church-going bell," as ignorant and sensual as the most degraded savage; and no man seemed to care for their souls!

It no doubt required much courage, much strength of resolution, an unfaltering faith in the power of Divine truth, and much of that noble enthusiasm without which nothing great is ever accomplished, to volunteer to become a missionary to this wretched horde. Yet he who has these qualities, combined with a moderate degree of health, and common discretion, has all that is really requisite. It is a mistake to suppose that you need some extraordinary natural fitness, or some peculiar educational advantages, to render you efficient as a house-to-house visitor for the ends of Christian benevolence. The most essential qualification is that which no true Christian can lack, namely, a supreme love to Christ, and a real sympathy with Him and with His purposes of grace. If you have this, and will suffer yourself to act under its promptings, your manners undisfigured by those ugly airs and that ridiculous affectation which vanity and self-consequence

produce, you are perfectly equipped for your work. Take the love of Christ for your motive, *and be natural*. Deal with the poor as you would yourself be dealt with by another.

* * * *

In a few weeks the charm of novelty was dispelled; and when it was found that the visitors sought opportunities of speaking about God, redemption, and a future world, some exchanged the tract with rude indifference: "Here, let us have the thing; but we don't want it, and it would be quite as well for you to mind your own business." Some told the visitors gruffly, "It ain't no use for you to leave your books here, 'cos we can't read 'em." Some said the children had torn up the last, and they did not want to be plagued with any more. Others (who were afterwards found to have been coiners of base metal) refused to open the door, or, having opened it, immediately shut it with a slam without uttering a word; and others betook themselves to insulting jesting. One woman said, but whether in ignorance or insolence, was not discernible, "La, ma'am, my husband is out of work, and would like to go round with tracts like you; he would do it for twelve shillings a week," Others assumed a whining tone, spoke of their poverty

and rags, and of the want of bread for their children, insinuating that the tract would be more acceptable if accompanied with a donation in money, or a coal ticket. A few continued to treat the visitors with civility, but were so prompt in taking the tract out of their hands and replacing the one to be returned, as to produce the impression that they were eager to part company. Gradually as one emboldened the other, they became grossly insulting both in language and behaviour. One man sprang out of bed, and, as he was, ran towards the visitors, who were compelled to beat a hasty retreat; another fellow followed them in the same condition through a part of the Alley, amidst the ribaldry and uproarious laughter of a crowd of spectators.

On a mind less firm than that of our friend, or less sustained by habits of trust in God, and a true and intelligent faith in the sufficiency of the Gospel to raise the most degraded, the experience of the first six months of labour must have had the most depressing effect, and the ground would certainly have been abandoned in despair. Nor was this the only source of discouragement she was called to withstand. The fatal typhus, or as it is too truly called, the "court" or "poverty" fever, was raging in the Alley; and, taking the

infection, she was withdrawn from her chosen sphere of labour, and, as one of its earliest results, called to pass through a season of physical suffering and peril.

* * * *

There was no difficulty in obtaining a preacher. Mr. Stones, now deceased, a Local Preacher of exemplary piety and good sense, most readily tendered his services; and the hour of meeting being fixed, two ladies once more swept through the Alley to invite attendance. About thirty persons came together, quite crowding the room, which was encumbered with only two articles of furniture, namely, a small table and a bedstead turned up in a corner; with the exception of a low stool which the rat-catcher's wife brought in for the special accommodation of the "angels."

The preacher began by reading some verses of a hymn; then, giving out two lines to be sung, he started a tune; and his audience sung with him,—but *they struck up snatches of old songs*, some of them too well adapted to a very different occasion. The preacher paused, then impressively entreated silence while he addressed words of prayer in their name to the great God, their Creator and Judge; but they chattered, and

joked, and laughed aloud. Then the preacher endeavoured in a more direct manner to find a way to their understanding and conscience, and to deposit some grain of truth in their hearts. But the confusion increased more and more: some challenged the right of others to be present; some mimicked or burlesqued the preacher's manner; some, with excited voices, cried, "Ord-a-a-r," "Silence," or "Hear, hear;" and the whole body continued to sway backward and forward till the scene became distressing and distracting beyond endurance. "Would you kindly give me your attention, and refrain from speaking one to another?" said the preacher, persuasively; but the appeal was answered by a gruff voice, "We shall speak if we like," followed by a general titter of applause.

But was there nothing "put on" in all this apparent recklessness and profanity? Were there no secret workings of the heart, and of the hitherto slumbering conscience beneath this appalling indifference? Was it not reasonable to hope, despite appearances to the contrary, that the people who had voluntarily obeyed the summons to come to the room to hear of a Saviour, had begun to feel some desire to be delivered from their state of squalidness and vice and

brutal ignorance? So the preacher fondly hoped, and in dependence on Him through whom alone the Word is rendered mighty to the pulling down of the strongholds, he calmly stood his ground, —his very attitude and expression a powerful sermon,—taking advantage of every occasional hush to “set forth before” the “eyes” of his giddy congregation, Jesus Christ as crucified for their salvation. It was but at brief intervals that he had any hold of their attention; for, as if startled by their very silence, so soon as anything approaching silence occurred, they broke out afresh into a noisier tumult.

At length the preacher indicated his intention to withdraw. “My friends,” said he, in effect, “I have brought you a good message, which you ought to have been thankful to hear. Perhaps some of you would like me to come again, and if so, I should be glad if you would signify this, not by shouting, but by lifting up your hands.” Every hand was raised, and the company prepared to disperse. *But the door was fast!* Men outside had amused themselves by attaching a strong rope to the handle, and, stretching it across the narrow passage, tying the other end to the door of the rat-catcher’s room, so that neither of them could be opened! It was scarcely

possible that the good evangelist should have emerged from the Alley that Sunday afternoon without a shadow of disappointment on his mind; yet it was but the shadow of a passing cloud. In a similar spirit to that in which Andrew Reed took his pencil and sketched in his pocket-book a Cross encircled with the motto, *Nil Desperandum*, and surmounted with the words, "Never despond with the Cross before you," Mr. Stones longed for a recurrence of the opportunity of declaring his message to the same unpromising people.

* * * *

From thirty to forty children, at ages varying from five to fourteen years, presented themselves. But the good friends soon learnt that they had but very imperfectly estimated the difficulties of the task they had undertaken. Something much harder to bear than the sight of rags and dirt, and swarms of *insects*, and much more discouraging than the absence of the barest elements of learning had to be confronted. Could these young creatures be of the nature of man, yet found as they were, without a single idea of right and duty; without a shadow of self-respect; without the consciousness of any higher powers than those which belong to brutes; without any love, or any notion of order and beauty and truth; without, as it

almost seemed, the very susceptibility to high and honourable motives? Could any form or symmetry be given to material so rugged and hard?

In gentle and loving accents to which they were altogether unused, they were first addressed together; but no tact or skill of the speaker availed to win their attention. They talked aloud or whispered in each others' ears, and tittered and laughed. They were spoken to singly, and then they hung down their heads in sullenness, or were saucy and sarcastic. If left for a few moments to themselves they were boisterous and mischievous, running helter-skelter round the room, or leaping from form to form. Once in the afternoon the cry of an orange and nut seller was heard, when they plunged in a body to the door, and no remonstrance or gentle force could prevent them following him with mimic screams some distance down the Alley. A more intractable set were never delivered into the teacher's hands. The first impulse of the patient labourers was to yield to a spirit of sadness, and sit down and weep; but they remembered whose servants they were, and for what ends they wrought, and again took heart.

“So is the kingdom of God, as if a man should

cast seed into the ground; and should sleep, and rise night and day, and the seed spring and grow up, he knoweth not how. For the earth bringeth forth fruit of herself; first the blade, then the ear, after that the full corn in the ear."

One thing which our Lord teaches by this parable is, that the nature of man is distinguished by essential capabilities of spiritual fruitfulness. It requires cultivation, but will eventually repay the toil bestowed upon it. As the result of long neglect, it may be found very hard and wild, and much encumbered with noxious and worthless weeds; yet it is never to be abandoned as hopeless. The worse its condition, the more labour may be necessary to render it productive; but that labour properly directed will not be in vain.

Another thing which the parable teaches is, that the Gospel, as a living principle or power, is Divinely adapted to the nature of man.

But its principal lesson, and that which every spiritual labourer should keep in continual remembrance is, that it is his duty to work on, in vigorous faith and untiring patience, even in the absence of visible signs of success. Let every man who aims at spiritual usefulness, have faith, first, in the fitness of humanity, whatever may be the condition in which he finds it, to yield the

results he seeks; secondly, in the Gospel as possessed of living powers of fruitfulness; and thirdly, in God Himself, on the influence of whose grace all spiritual germination, and growth, and fruitfulness depend; and having such faith, *let him be patient*. While looking for results let him be free from restless anxiety to see them. As a spiritual husbandman he cannot take too much pains to prepare the soil, by clearing away from it all destructive elements, and by enriching it with suitable nourishment for the seed. Nor can he be too careful to assure himself that the seed he sows is genuine, sound, and good; and having sown it, to guard it against the "fowls of the air," and, so far as is possible, against being crushed under the feet of men. But having done his part let him wait. The processes of all life are mysterious, and most mysterious of all are those of the life of godliness: but all life has powers of development and productiveness, and most of all has the life of God in the human soul such powers. It is pleasanter, no doubt, to labour with the results we seek continually springing up before us. It is a trial of faith to work on in their absence; yet what kind of faith is that which cannot stand the trial? "He that believeth shall not make haste." "Be-

hold the husbandman waiteth for the precious fruit of the earth, and hath long patience for it, until he receive the early and latter rain. *Be ye also patient.*"

* * * *

Was it not possible that the seed sown long ago was still silently germinating; that already the blade was creeping upward towards the surface; and that the time was not distant when many living plants would simultaneously display themselves? So it may be presumed the labourers hoped; and, free from tormenting solicitude, they slept and rose, content that the seed should grow they knew not how.

And grow it did, as it always will if men will but trust it; and at length the blade suddenly shot forth. Service had been held as usual one Sunday evening, and the little congregation was preparing to disperse, when an after meeting was proposed. "You have heard of conversions, of the new life, and of such a thing as peace in believing," said Miss Macarthy. "Now, I and my two sisters here with me know that these things are real; and if you will stay a little longer we will tell you how we know it. But," she added, "I must request the men to withdraw. As we are women who desire to speak, we should

prefer to have only women for our hearers." "You won't, though," said two or three young fellows, tartly. "If you turn us out, we'll take care that nobody else shall hear; and we won't come to your meeting again." "Very well: let as many of you remain as desire to do so."

They resumed their seats, and the three severally told the people calmly, simply, naturally, and in a few words, how they once were pierced with a sense of sin; how, as they trustingly and submissively looked to Jesus as their Saviour, and surrendered themselves to Him, the love of God was shed abroad in their hearts by the Holy Ghost given unto them; and how, in a sense which they could not explain, their fellowship was now with the Father, and with His Son Jesus Christ. A word or two of exhortation were subjoined, and, as the closing act, the ladies knelt down to pray, the people generally retaining their seats.

The scene which followed will never be forgotten. No sound of a rushing mighty wind was heard, and no tongues of fire were seen; but God was as truly, and, though in a different manner, as manifestly present in that humble dwelling as once in an "upper room" in Jerusalem. None can describe the sense of awe

which suddenly came over every mind. There was no excitement, no noise, no commotion, no extravagance. One firm but gentle and plaintive voice was heard in earnest supplication; all else was perfect stillness; yet there was not a soul in that room that had not become conscious of the presence and working of some mysterious influence. At length strange sounds began to break forth; first a loud convulsive breathing, as of somebody labouring to restrain an outburst of strong feeling; then whisperings of interjectory prayer, amidst abrupt sobs and suppressed cries of distress. The voice of intercession ceased; and rising from their knees, the visitors found the people in a state of bewilderment, each gazing wildly on the rest, and the same question on every lip—"What's the matter?" The ladies themselves were taken by surprise, and were almost alarmed. One young man they found standing by himself in a corner of the room in a state of unconscious abstraction, as if incapable of speech or motion. *Twenty* persons were that night simultaneously convinced of the bitterness of sin; and, covered with shame and confusion, they sank to the ground, inquiring in dismay, "What must I do to be saved?" *Twenty persons* who had lived in debasing

debauchery and crime, some of them the most licentious, intemperate, and violent in the whole neighbourhood ! To each, personally, the visitors now began to speak words of sympathy and encouragement, striving to guide them to the exercise of that faith by which we are saved. Then one by one, they rose to their feet, their countenances strangely softened ; their hearts melted with love, and their mouths filled with thanksgiving and praise.

The tree is known by its fruit, and these twenty were indisputably the subjects of a moral reformation. They became living epistles, known and read of all men.

* * * *

The children who composed the later formed of the two schools were, when first gathered in, some of the most shockingly depraved and troublesome in the Alley. They were passionate, obstinate, and in the habitual use of foul and profane speech. Strangers to the least discipline and subject to the continuous action of every corrupt influence, as they had always been, the attempt to bring them under subjection to rule was resisted and resented with a kind of resolute scorn. For a time their turbulence was compar-

atively bearable, especially as it was hoped that, though it might be a work of time, yet, by degrees, order would be at length established. But the Teacher found to her dismay that the tendency was in the contrary direction, and that the whole school was becoming more and more unmanageable. One day the children seemed to have come together in a spirit of more determined rebellion than ever. The room became a scene of riotous uproar. The boys shot marbles, fought, and swore; and the girls screamed and giggled. The Teacher's patience no less than her skill was tried to the utmost. What was she to do? Her authority was set at utter defiance; severity she had no desire to use, and could not have used with safety to herself; and to have dispersed the school would have been a declaration of incompetence and powerlessness, fatal to any future effort.

Other means failing, she sought to reach the reason through the sanctions of religion, spoke of the displeasure of God, and called their attention to the sentiments of a hymn she had lately taught them, and in which they seemed at the time to take some interest, beginning—

“Saviour, round Thy footstool bending,
See this youthful band appear.”

But all continued stubbornly boisterous. Feeling that her resources had been taxed to the utmost and yet that she must conquer or abandon her post in despair, she sank to the floor on her knees involuntarily, and began to implore the interposition of God Himself: "Lord, whose I am, and whom I serve! Wilt Thou be pleased to put forth Thy power on behalf of Thy helpless handmaid, and for the honour of Thy Name!" While thus pleading, the storm suddenly subsided; and, retaining the attitude of prayer, she began to supplicate with increased fervour the bestowment then and there of the converting grace of God: "Thou canst turn the hearts of these children to Thee; for hast Thou not so turned *my* heart? I desire that they should come to Thee; but how much more dost *Thou* desire to receive them!" There was perfect silence while she thus continued to pray, silence which after the previous outburst was deeply impressive. But not many moments passed, when she felt two tiny arms entwined round her neck, and heard the words spoken in her ears in broken accents and intermittent sobs, "*Oh, teacher! I's so wicked! Teacher, teacher, me will be good! me will be good!*"

That scene was a precious turning-point. The Teacher's authority was then and thenceforth

completely established; rule and order rose to supremacy; and the school since that moment has been a pattern of good conduct.

* * * *

The other case, though not of less interest, must be stated more briefly. In its earlier stages, it is a type of thousands in London. "Sometimes," "says Mayhew, "a child of four or five is taken to the tap-room, especially if he be pretty and the father is proud of him. 'I have seen,' said a coster to me, 'a baby of *five years old*, reel'ing drunk in a tap-room, The governor did it for the lark of the thing; to see him chuck hisself about, sillified.'"* Such, in effect, was the training of the woman whose case I am now to mention; yet not under the hands of an idiotic father, but of her mother! At as early a period as she can remember she was regularly sent for gin, which her mother made her drink; and when the poor child, prompted by a natural instinct, shrank from the liquid fire, it was diluted and modified with mixtures of sweet "cordials" and forced down her throat!

The dreadful taste thus created became the most dominant and vehement passion of her nature. A craving was evoked and established

"London Labour and the London Poor," p. 41.

which she had no power in herself to hold in check, and which with every indulgence became more fierce. The result was a succession of lapses into debauchery and deception such as may not be recorded. Under keen pangs of remorse, an occasional and spasmodic effort was made to recover herself, but in each instance was succeeded by a more desperate plunge into vice.

When discovered by Miss Macarthy and her co-workers she was living with a dustman, whom she called her uncle. The history of the wisely directed effort put forth, and, despite unheard of discouragements, persistently sustained for this woman's salvation, would be one of the most instructive chapters on Christian usefulness that have ever been given to the world. For *nine years* did the earnest and faithful labourers bear with her repeated failures of solemnly expressed resolution, and her practices of hypocrisy, till the chiefest of them after a three weeks' illness on her account, was compelled to say, what she had never said or thought in any other case, that she feared the woman must be given up as past hope.

The poor old dustman died in the workhouse; and the woman having sold or pawned for gin every article of furniture they had possessed, and every article both of his and of her own apparel,

except the gown she wore, came at length and sought admission to Miss Macarthy's class. Of course, there she could not be received. "I am in despair," exclaimed the wretched applicant; "and like a desperate woman, if you do not receive me, I will plunge headlong into hell!" She pledged herself to abstain from drink absolutely, and was allowed to attend the class as a visitor, was then received formally on trial, and was dealt with as a probationer for *nine* months. During this period she gave satisfactory evidence of true repentance, and of a thorough spiritual change. At this day she is a strict abstainer, and an upright, trustworthy, and consistent Church member.*

* Since the above was written, this woman has died. "I feel," said she, in answer to the inquiries of her class-mates, "that I have firm footing under me. *I stand on the Rock!* All is well!"

